2 JUN 1931
MADRAS

The Indian Ladies' Magazine.

Vol. IV JUNE 1931. No. 11

LINKED TO THE GREAT ETERNAL.

Linked to the Great Eternal,
Earth throbs with life,—to live,
With hope, with beauty and with power,
To hold, to be, to give.

At one with the All-lovely,
A breath, a deep heart-thought,
Loved into life, love-held, love-kept,
Divinely, gently, wrought;

Aflood with thought, all-tender,
All-noble, pure and strong,
All-radiant in the perfect light,
Unshadowed e'er by wrong;

Filled with the songs of gladness,
Of living joy and truth,
Of harmony, full, deep, and real,
Perpetual joyous youth;

Embraced so closely, deeply
By love, the Perfect; all
Earth "lives" these happy spring-time days,
To hear the life-full call.

HILDA L. EVERETT.

ARUNDHATI.

THE heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Far the most marvellous in beauty and brilliance of this divine handiwork is the stellar system; and stars, in lonely splendour or in the glory of clusters, are things for wonder. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are!" How much greater is the wonder when

the stellar spaces and systems are sought to be compassed by the mind of man! Those strange seas require strong minds of rare power and keen vision, minds like Newton's for instance, to voyage through them. And then to constitute with the various burning brilliant points of light the fancy-figures of a fish, a lion or a maid, is the glorious privilege of an elder time, the period of the world's infancy. Groups of stars have been formed and named by those who first gazed at them, with a heaving breast and intense emotion, with a heightened pulse and keen sense of delight, with a glowing freshness of heart, in the golden dawn of the world's admiring genius.

The practical way, in which, in Hindu culture, the pure delight of star-gazing is related to man's life, "related to the sense in man for conduct and the sense in man for beauty"—is the beautiful custom at Hindu marriages to get the bridal pair to walk seven paces round the sacrificial fire, step on a slab of stone and get a look at the star *Arundhati* in the cluster known variously as the Plough, the Great Bear and Charles' Wain. Starting from the pointers, the last star but one in the bend of the handle is *Zeta*, and in Hindu astronomy *Vasishta*. The small star by the side of Vasishta is Arundhati, his inseparable consort, who for her chastity became immortalised and transfigured into a star.

Stories of such transfiguration were current among the Greeks; and Cassiopeia's chair, also in the northern heavens, but in a direction opposite to the Great Bear, on the other side of the Pole Star, embodies their tribute to an Ethiop queen. The basis of her claim to be turned into a star seems only that of beauty, in which she boasted herself superior to the Sea-nymphs and thereby "their power offended."

But Arundhati was meek as charity itself, and charity "envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." So, she merged her whole existence in that of her lord and by her beauty beautified his home, making it very heaven for him, such a heaven indeed, that, even when enjoying the rare privilege of being turned into a star in a glorious constellation in the company of his illustrious peers, the great sages of antiquity, Vasishta could not abide without her.

Vasishta was no vulgar voluptuary; and, in his tribute to noble womanhood, we are to read with a fresh meaning and a new emphasis the poignant cry of a great English poet:

"Without thee, where would be my heaven?"

T. B. KRISHNASWAMI.

THE MYSTERY OF BEAUTY.

WHENEVER man looks out on the world, he finds the beams of beauty and bliss shine out on him from every side. If at any time he is hurt by ugliness or suffering, that is due to the evil in himself. It is the shadow of his egoism and sin that falls athwart the illumination and darkens it. The Veda says: *Ananda-rupam Amritam yad Vibathi.* (That which shines forth as immortal Bliss). The Biblical comparison of the human souls to the lilies of the field, that toil not and are arrayed in glory exceeding the glory of Solomon, is based on the same root idea.

Though every man feels the bliss of beauty and the beauty of bliss, he, in his limited vision, feels puzzled as to what is beauty and what is bliss. Why does beauty fascinate him and why does it dower him with bliss? The calm and peace of dawn, the decorative glows and tints of sunrise which look like bridal decorations, the coming of the sun like a bride-groom to meet the earth, his eternal bride, the feathered songsters greeting his royal coming, the tears of joy that bedew the eyes, and the quivering songs that fall from the lips, of poets fired by a new bliss and a new adoration in their hearts at the vision of sunrise, the breathless and hushed and listening splendour of the noon, drenched in the uttermost glory, the sloping golden beams showered from the westering golden disk of the evening sun, the gorgeous glows and glories of sunset, the descending balm of evening peace, the coming on of night with her moon-crowned brow and star-mantled frame, and the calm splendour of her silver lamp shining like a central jewel in the constellated heavens, form a daily-renewed vision of loveliness and delight. On the earth, the seasons in their processional movement, the laughing of the earth in flowers at the touch of the lotus-feet of spring, the fruitful glory of summer, the golden harvest of autumn and the hushed peace and introspection of winter, are equally fascinating. The mountains lifting their foreheads to the skies that whisper God's secrets in their ears, the mighty rivers bearing life and loveliness to the thirsting plains, and the girdling seas receiving the tribute of the streams, have got "the glory and freshness of a dream." Last but not least, there is a crescendo of beauty in living forms until, at last, we ascend to the human face divine, where, especially in woman's face and in her starlike eyes full of the shy, sweet and silent calls of pure love, beneath the golden crescent of her forehead, lighting up the perfumed night of her tresses, we find a combination of physical and spiritual loveliness. Her beauty is a higher manifestation than nature's loveliness, and that is why the splendours of dress and decoration, which form the summations of nature's loveliness, are placed before her as tribute for her acceptance.

Though we feel this mighty charm, we do not know why we feel fascinated and delighted. The realisation of the fact that beauty is as fugitive as it is fascinating makes us realise its preciousness all the more. Deep introspection leads to the flash of intention, which reveals the true nature of beauty and of bliss. The beauty and the harmony that we see are a ray and an emanation.

"Of that fair beauty which no eye can see and that sweet Music which no ear can measure." When we see beauty, our soul is stirred because the soul and the oversoul realise each other's essential beauty and bliss, and meet and mingle in delighted union. Beauty cancels the tyranny of time and space, and tears aside the veils of limitedness and separateness, and leads us into that place, where time vanishes and space disappears, and we are glad to be left face to face with perfection. That is why we desire beauty always and ask for more and more of it. That is why we are eager to have "such sights as youthful poets dream on summer eve by haunted stream." Among all God's creations, women are the guardians of beauty and of bliss. Whatever may be the fluctations of efforts and ideals from age and from clime to clime, in regard to the economic and political status of women, woman should never sell her birthright for a mess of pottage. The very soul of woman's essential nature is described by Tennyson, when he says, "Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one not learned, save in gracious household ways, not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants. No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt in Angel's instincts, breathing Paradise, Interpreter between the Gods and men, who looked all native to her place and yet on tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce swayed to her from their orbits as they moved and girded her with music." The very soul of this passage is in the idea contained in the words "Interpreter between the Gods and men." To give only one more beautiful passage, Shelley says in his wonderful poem "Epipsychidion," "Art thou not void of guile, a lovely soul formed to be blest and bless? A well of sealed and secret happiness, whose waters like blithe light and music are, vanquishing dissonance and gloom? A star which moves not in the morning heavens alone? A smile amid dark frowns, a gentle tone amid rude voices, a beloved light, a solitude, a refuge, a delight? A Lute, which those whom love has taught to play, make music on, to soothe the roughest day and lull fond grief asleep? A buried treasure, a cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure?"

In Indian literature, also we have had this vivid realisation all along. Our poets have described this realisation in melodious and immortal verse. The Mahabharata calls woman the incarnation of purity and holiness and love, the golden lamp of the home, and a ray of Lakshmi's grace. The Srimad Bhagawatha calls her the God-

Miss SARALA DESAI, of The Women's College, Benares, who has been awarded a gold medal in the All-India Competative Debate held recently under the auspices of the Allahabad University Union.

Photo :—I. N. Agency, Srirangam.

Miss THODORA ISABELLA THOMPSON of Isabella Thoburn College of Lucknow University, who was awarded the Viceroy's Silver Medal for her essay on "The Social and Economic causes of the prevalent unemployment amongst the educated middle classes of India and the extent to which the State can take action to alleviate it."

Photo : R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

givenally of man in the war of soul with sense. Quite recently, Rabindranath Tagore has, with his penetrative insight and felicitous power of description, told us that woman must "step in and impart her life-rhythm to this reckless movement of power." He says again; "Woman is endowed with the passive qualities of chastity, modesty, devotion and power of self-sacrifice, in a greater measure than man is. Hers is the passive quality in nature which turns its monster forces into perfect creations of beauty, taming the wild elements into the delicacy of tenderness fit for the service of life. This passive quality has given woman that large and deep placidity, which is so necessary for the *healing and nourishing and storing of life.* If life were all spending, then it would be like a rocket going up in a flash and coming down the next moment in ashes. Life should be like a lamp, where the potentiality of light is far greater in quantity than what appears as the flame. It is in the depth of passiveness in woman's nature that the potentiality of life is stored."

It is thus clear that God has given beauty to woman and to the keeping of woman as a trust and as a means of spreading His reign on earth. Man is a spend-thrift, and left to himself would drift to hell through nomadism and vagabondage. Woman has therefore to conserve his inner riches for him, even as she has to keep house for him. She must fit him for his home on earth, so that they may be both fit for their home in heaven. She has to show him the romance of the desires, and the beauty of the commonplace. She must by her beauty and her love endow him with the power of seeing and realising the daily miracles of God. Man deals with the universe in terms of the market-place. But the market value of things is different from their real value, their love value and their spiritual value. It is woman alone who is the centre of the personal and the spiritual relationships of life. It is she alone who realises and proclaims the infinite work of the individual. Man may die for abstract ideas; but woman alone is prepared to find her life by losing it for an individual soul. She is not a worshipper of shibboleths and organisations. She comes into touch with personalities. Man left to himself would make the world an office or a factory. Woman alone can make it a home. Beauty and beneficence are God's gifts left in her hands. Man's footsteps go like a steam-roller from sea to sea. But macadamisation is not everything. Woman follows with her sprinkler of spiritual emotion, and waters the roadside trees of literature and service and philanthropy and piety and spiritual emotion, so that the trees may flourish and give shade and beauty of blossom and blessedness of fruit to the pilgrims on the road. Economics and politics do not exhaust the content of life; beauties and delights and pieties and sanctities are as much of the stuff of life, nay, they are the finest and the innermost strands of life.

That is why woman has accepted the limitations of her nature to reveal its graces and glories. It is the tightly-stretched wire limited between two points, that gives forth a whole world of melodious sound. Woman's self-sacrifice and self-restraint give to the world the poetry and the music of life. If she left one Eden, she has helped to create another. Man can produce; she only can create. Man can build a hotel; she only can create a home. He can be an artisan; she only can be an artist. He may have muscle and money; she only can give music and mirth. He may know how to die wisely; but she only like Savitri can redeem and win back life from death. There is deep spiritual significance in the fact that Shakti has been described as *Premarupa* and *Priyamkari* (she is of the essence of devoted love and she is beneficent and healing and saving in deed.)

We can therefore realise why woman's innermost nature yearns to help and heal and purify and save, and why her words run into music, and her handi-work takes on forms of light and colour and loveliness. Music is never sweeter than from her lips; and the fine arts and the decorative arts and the industrial arts and the household arts seek her touch and the fulfilment of her calm creativeness. Further, she was sent into the world to love it and lift it by the power of her love. She is the God-given guardian of the emotional and spiritual elements of humanity. Dante has symbolised this truth for ever in his conception of Beatrice in the Divine Commedia. India has symbolised it for ever in the conception of Saraswathi impersonating in her form the co-ordination of art and literature and devotion, robed in the white garments of flawless purity, and leading humanity to God through the perfection of speech and song and soul.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI.

LOVE IN CLASSICAL SANSKRIT POETRY.

IN an old issue of the 'MODERN REVIEW', I came across an interesting article on the above subject, and I think a few facts from it will be of use to us.

Love was regarded as a bondage, even though sweet. Woman is pictured by a Sanskrit poet as a hindrance, a bait cast by the Love-god on the ocean of the world, to catch susceptible hearts; a trap set in a beautiful but wild forest by the robber Love, to plunder credulous victims. He describes her thus: "a contrivance for the bondage of all living creatures, the whirlpool of all doubt, the universe of indiscipline, the abode of all daring, the receptacle of all evil, the deceitful soil of manifold distrust, the box of trickery and illusion, a poison, coated with ambrosia, a hindrance to heaven and a way to the depth of hell.".

Was it a wonder then that there was no alternative between *love* and *renunciation*? There was no middle path. Therefore, a chief general characteristic of Sanskrit love poetry was a fine sense of enjoyment of the good things of life. The poets had enough "simplicity and integrity of feeling which made them grateful for the joys of this life, but penitent when they had exceeded in enjoying them." Hence, there was never an idea of Platonic or intellectual love, except as we are told, in one case, viz: in the picture of the "bearer of the betel-tray to the Prince in Bana's romance"; and even here it never had the chivalry or the abstraction of mediæval European poetry.

Thus, the Sanskrit poets saw that love could not be merely an abstraction of glamour. This did not mean, of course, that there was no idealism: "They have enough of idealism but they do not live upon air. With these poets love is not a cold white ideal rising noon-like over the rapt vision of the love-sick shepherd prince. It does not die in dreams, nor is it troubled with a deep philosophy, nor bored with its own ideality, losing itself in the worship of a phantom-woman, or rising into mystic spirituality and indefinite pantheism. Nor is it sicklied over with the subleties of decadent psychologists, or with the subjective malady of modern love-poets. It is exasperatingly authentic and admirably plain-speaking. It does not talk about ideals and gates of heaven, but walks on the earth and speaks of the insatiable hunger of the body and the exquisite intoxication of the senses."

Therefore, love was thought of as a concrete ideal. It became a sort of possession, or madness. But, says our author, "there was nothing debasing, even from the contact of sense and the touch of the earth. Love in Sanskrit poetry springs Antaeus-like into fuller being; from the straw and dross of a sophisticated consciousness, it breaks into a pervading and purifying flame. And therefere, it is not too sensual or gross, even though there are indelicacies and audacities of expression; they are not deliberately gross or vulgar."

"The standards and limits of propriety as well as of prudery are different for different people: but coarseness or vulgarity must be approved or condemned, only in connection with immorality, or on purely artistic grounds. Comparing Sanskrit poetry with European classical literature in this respect, a Western critic has very sagely remarked that 'there is all the world of difference between what we find in the great poets of India and the frank delight of Martial and Petronius in their descriptions of immoral scenes' ".

In this respect, however, the author admits that later Sanskrit poetry did grow a little offensive, and embarassing, the frank exuberance of the younger poetry, "its easy and frank expression

of physical affection in its exceedingly human (and not merely sensual) aspect, as well as the terrible sincerity of its primal sensitiveness, which are naturally gross or grotesque as being nearer life."

The physical charms of women are profusely and intensely described; and are frankly sexual, though at the same time there is attention to "spiritual beauty, which transcends mere physical charms." As in the poetry of other nations, girlish and gracefully-rounded slimness in the figure was admired. A graceful neck, like the swan's, and twig-like arms were liked. Heavy hips were, curiously enough, admired. We get no descriptions of the ankle.

The complexion was that, which was like pure gold or turmeric. Masses of black hair, sometimes curling softly on the forehead, or ending in "serpent-like beauty of the braid", were decked with flowers, and were compared to swarms of bees, clusters of blue lotus, or heaps of soft peacock plumes. The forehead was not much mentioned, but the *tilaka* or mark was sometimes written about.

"No bracelet on the arms, no anklet on the feet, no garland on the head, and yet the little decoration of black musk on the forehead holds the essence of the world's beauty. The Creator placed on the expanse of her forehead the all-surpassing mark, or is it the seal of approval of the great king, the love-god?"

The glances of the eye were said to be the sharp shafts of Cupid and an index to the emotions.

"Now accompanied by a playful arching of the eye-brows and now weighed down with bashfulness, now dancing with glee and now timid with an unknown fear, now moving languidly and now expanding like a bud, now soft with tenderness and now sportive with an affectation of coquetry, now directed with childlike frankness and now averted with coy embarasment, now wide-open with eagerness and now half-closed with deep feeling, now red and frowning with anger and now misty and wet with tears, the poets love to describe the glances, along with all the phases of emotion which they betray."

Red lips and the smiles on them were often described: "If a flower were contained in a fresh twig, or a pearl in a transparent coral, then they might have imitated her fair smile spreading beautifully over her red lips."

Teeth had to be well-formed like pearls, white like jasmines or the seeds of the pomegranate. The ear and the cheek were not much noted; the nose was occasionaly mentioned: "Some poets liken the nose to the seasmum-blossom, others to the beak of the parrot, but to me it seems that near his flower-bow the love-god has placed his quiver in the shape of a soft *Ketaka*-leaf."

As for ornamentation, plenty of jewellery, decorations of sandal and musk, and simple adjuncts of flowers were advocated: "When Parvati went to the hermitage of the great Ascetic, she looked like a trailing creeper bowed down with its heap of spring-flowers; and, for her ornaments, the *Asoka* took the place of rubies, the *Karnikara* had the brightness of gold while the *Sindhubara* was worn like a necklace of pearls. The ladies of Alaka sport with lotus in their hands, jasmine in their curls, newly-blown *Kuravaka* in their braids, the dust of *Lodhra-flowers* on their faces, *Sirisha*-pendants in their ears and the white *nipa* on the parting lines of their hair."

Perfumes were used, but we are told that the sense of smell did not play as important a part, as that of *sight* or *touch*. Sometimes, we get fine descriptions of womanly charms on the whole: "Dushyanta cogitates that the Creator first delineated perfect beauty in a picture, or perhaps imagined into one ideal model the combination of various lovely forms, and then endowed the picture or the model with the properties of life. In the same way the poet imagines that Parvati was created by an assemblage of all exemplar substances, set assiduously in their proper places, as if the Creator was desirous of seeing beauty concentrated in one place. Pururavas wonders whether, in the creation of Urvasi, Love himself was the Creator, while the moon gave her radiance and the flowery spring taught her to madden men and the gods; otherwise, how could the aged ascetic of a Creator, grown old in his dull devotion, have created such a beautiful form? The same sentiment is repeated by the love-sick Madhava in describing Malati's beauty, as he wonders if she is the guardian deity of the treasure of beauty, or the abode of all the world's loveliness, and confidently asserts that at her creation the moon, ambrosia, the lotus-stalk and moonlight were the means, and the God of love himself the creator. Another poet Bhallata, unable to decide whether his mistress is the fairest flower on the blossoming tree of youth or the loveliest ripple on the surging sea of beauty, prefers to think that after all she is the slender rod of admonition in the hand of the love-god for the chastisement of wayward lovers." But there are other excellences described for woman than mere physical excellence, such as: "the seven inherent qualities, e. g., brilliance of youth, beauty and passion, the touch of loveliness given by love, sweetness, courage meekness, radiance and self-control. All her gestures, moods and, different shades of emotion, e. g. giggling, trepidation, hysterical flusters of delight, involuntary expressions of affection, self-suppression through bashfulness, affected repulse of endearments, as well as the deepest and tenderest display of sentiments, are minutely analysed and classified. To this is added a detailed description & illustration of the modes in which the different types of heroines display their emotions, the analysis ranging from the maidnely

modest behaviour of the Mugdha to the shameless boldness of the more experienced heroine."

Interwoven with this poetry were splendid descriptions of Nature: "In the descriptions of human emotion aspects of nature are very often skilfully interwoven; and the tropical summer and the rains play an important part in affairs. The immortal *Meghaduta*, in which the grief of the separated lovers, if somewhat sentimental, is nevertheless earnest in its intensity of recollective tenderness and in its being set in the midst of splendid natural scenery which makes it all the more poignant. The description of external nature in the first half of the poem is heightened throughout by an intimate association with human feeling; while the picture of the lover's sorrowing heart in the second half is skilfully framed in the surrounding beauty of nature. In the same way, the groves and gardens of nature form the background, not only to the pretty love-intrigues of the Sanskrit plays, but also to the human drama played in the hermitage of Kanva, to the madness of Pururavas, to the pathos of Rama's hopeless grief for Sita in the forest of Dandaka, to the love of Krishna and Radha on the banks of the Yamuna, dark with the shadow of rain-clouds."

Sometimes, the love poetry is an allegory. "Apart from its symbolical and spiritual meaning, the love that it depicts appears to be a reflex of the human emotions presented in a series of brilliant and extremely musical word-pictures, and the divine Krishna and his consort are entirely humanized. Indeed, Jayadeva's poem is one of the best examples of that erotic mysticism which supplies the inspiration to most of the beautiful Vaishnava Lyrics in the vernacular. Devout yet sensuous, it expresses fervent religious longings in the intimate language of earthly passion, and illustrates finely the use of love-motives in the service of religion."

KAMALA.

DREAMS.

I had always loved that river. Even as a child I liked to muse on her banks. The dexterity of little *Mukkuva* lads in managing their boats used to make me jealous, and how happy I felt when some kind lad gave me a lift in his boat! These childish impressions have remained in my heart; thus, when I came back home after a long absence and looked at the river again, it was like seeing an old friend.

It was a lovely night. The deep, glowing colours of evening had faded from the canvas of the Western sky. A silvery moon

reposed on a pillow of soft, feathery clouds, and the calm, rippleless river served as a mirror for her highborn beauty. The water, where my paddle moved it, sparkled as with the dust of precious gems. Little fishes made trails of light as they swam about.—I lay down on my back in the boat, and yielded my soul to the dreams that arose in me.........

My mind wondered away to a tender contemplation of great things. Those clouds that I looked at were soft, but my thoughts were infinitely softer. The severe silence was unbroken save by the occasional bark of a far-away dog. The murmur of the ripples as the boat moved along was like a lullaby to troubled thoughts. Yes, it is good to be able to dream. In the near presence of the vast, eternal immensities of nature, it is possible for a dreamer to forget his petty self; thoughts grow impersonal and universal. During these rare moments, the soul attunes itself to the surrounding harmony; in the unbroken silence, it drinks in the glory of God's earth.—I could be happy if I conld dream away life in such idyllic surroundings. What to me were the conflicts of the world, and its ambitions? Could these give me the deep peace that now filled my mind?

Here, on the banks of this beloved river, I had grown up in an atmosphere of love. How pleasant it was to recollect those days, which time had idealised!.........And then the scene changed, new faces, other interests were woven into the magic web. There was the love of literature, the delight in sports, the daily routine of work, the human comradeship. But nothing ever that given me half the joy that now was mine.

Love itself is subdued, submissive, in such surroundings, and the heart does not beat quite so simultanuously here, as memory recovers treasured scenes......I was wandering into dangerously pleasant avenues of thought, when my boat stuck against something, and I got up from my reclining position. For the life of me, I could not take back my mind to the proper mood for dreaming. Instead, I thought of the anxious mother that was expecting great things from me; the little boy who trusted in his big brother......Ah, for me, there could be but little time for dreaming!......And I returned home, more thoughtful than when I went out, and, I hope and pray, stronger too.

"SUMMI."

FOR THOSE HE LOVED.

IT was a black winter's evening, and dark clouds were scudding across the sky. It was evident that a storm was gathering. Through the misty haze which had gathered over the g eat undulat-

ing plains of Kathgodam, could be discerned a speck in the dim distance. It gradually took the shape of a man on horseback. The bowed head suggested utter weariness and dejection, yet in spite of this he was a graceful and picturesque figure. His slim, well-knit body gave the impression of hidden strength, and on seeing his face this impression was confirmed. Though the face was that of a very young man, the thin compressed lips and the piercing grey eyes, under well-marked brows, denoted character. But what was most noticeable was the unmistakable stamp of refinement and good breeding. It was a handsome face, though perhaps a trifle too stern for one so young, for Jim Le Fay was only 22 years of age. It was the melancholy attitude though, which particularly arrested the attention, and invoked the sympathy of another horseman advancing towards him. "Hallo, Jim", he shouted; "you don't seem quite yourself to-day. I hope there is nothing wrong." Jim had been so engrossed in his own thoughts that he had not heard the sound of the advancing horse, so he turned round, half-startled, on hearing his friend's sympathetic query. He quickly recovered himself though, and with a smile answered: "Oh I'm all right, thank you, Tom, old man, how are you?" But Tom Smith was not deceived by his friend's careless manner. On the contrary, the haggard face which he saw before him made him become serious. "Look here Jim, old boy," he said, "you and I are old pals and without wishing to intrude on you in any way, I think I have a right to know what's troubling you. I can't bear to see you in this state, and if I can help you",—Jim understood, and the tender gaze of his lifelong friend broke down his natural reserve. "There is no need to tell you, Tom, old man", he said, "you've doubtless known of the sorrow which has been eating away my very life for some time past, but out of regard for me and respect for my feelings you've probably kept silent. Well, it all happened when I was at the front. When there, I received an anonymous letter warning me about Carmen, but I treated the same, though well-meant, for what it was worth. I loved and trusted Carmen too well to pay any heed to things of that kind; though", continued he "I did think her letters weren't quite what they used to be. Th,at was after I wrote and told her that my uncle had cut me off, and that the title and the estates would go to my cousin."

"Yes, Jim, that's an old tale."

"Of course, I thought it quite natural that Carmen should be disappointed, and though slightly perturbed at the time, I thought no more of the matter. But when my poor old father died and my brother was killed in action, and Carmen failed to drop me even a few lines of sympathy, I was not only surprised, but felt very hurt indeed. Of course, I didn't say anything, but felt this indifference on Carmen's part very much."

Tom smiled and nodded his head.

"As you know, my father was reputed to be a rich man, but it was found that he had lost practically all his money shortly before he died, and the only thing that came to me was the old estate. I was expecting to return home any day then, so I didn't write to Carmen at the time, but immediately I returned from the war, I told her exactly how matters stood. Carmen expressed considerable surprise; and said she always thought my father was a wealthy man, or something to that effect. However, I told her that, though not rich, I was moderately well-off, and that I would try and work up the old estate."

"Quite like an honest lover, Jim," said Tom good-humouredly.

"Listen, old man. Just then, dinner was announced and nothing more was said about the matter. Carmen seemed pleasant enough during dinner, but I didn't fail to notice that her mother and father were distinctly cold in their manner towards me. "Well" continued Jim, "some time after I had occasion to visit one of the bosses of the Haldwani Gold Fields on business, and after the interview I dropped in for a drink at one of the local saloons. I accidentally overheard a remark. Something within me went snap."

Tom Smith looked deeply interested.

"As I was drinking", continued Jim, "I heard a merry group of miners chatting, 'Going to the concert to-night?' said somebody. 'There will be a nice dance by Carmen Husten and that new feller—Chinitoff, I think they call him, who's opened up that new mine out Lalkua way'. 'He's jolly handsome,' replied one of the others, 'and quite a good actor too.' 'It strikes me', broke in another, 'he's acting several parts here. A friend of mine told me that, on one occasion he met this fellow and Carmen Husten in the Lalkua jungles. They told him that they were doing a bit of snipe-shooting, but Jack Dyson isn't a fool, and he drew his own conclusions. Any way, what are the girl's parents thinking about, allowing a young girl to roam in the jungles with a bloke like that?' My heart was about to burst. I determined to stay for the night on the Gold Fields and to attend the concert. I arrived punctually at 9 o'clock. About two hours passed away and then great excitement prevailed. Apparently, it was the last item which was coming, the dance by Carmen and Chinitoff, which was expected to be the event of the evening.

"Amidst hushed whisperings of expectation, the curtain rose for the last time, and the scene which arrested the eager gaze of the audience, was that of a harem.

"On a costly rug lay Chinitoff dressed as a prince. Suddenly, the music commenced and from nowhere, so it seemed, there appeared the figure of a beautiful dancing girl. She was scantily

clad in an Eastern costume; her full sensuous lips, dark dreamy eyes, and well-defined bosom all denoted great passion. And, as she swung her lithe body to and fro, she sang in a deep contralto voice, It was a slave song, which she sang, and as she sang she advanced with eyes, which had grown dark with passion, towards the prostrate Prince, who arose and joined her in the dance and song; and, as the last words of the song, 'I am thine for evermore', died away on the mystical stillness of the tropical night, he stopped and she kissed him with one last long passionate embrace. And then the curtain fell on the last event of the evening, and as it fell a sword seemed to pierce my heart, my senses seemed obscured, and my vision dimmed, and I couldn't believe, that what I had just seen was only ordinary acting. It was the look in the eyes of the dancers that made my heart stand still. Then I thought that, perhaps Carmen had been carried away by the music and the excitement. Anyway, Tom, old man, I decided to see Carmen before the stars grew pale, and with this object in view, I watched her movements. I had not long to wait before I saw her and Chinitoff appear through the back-door of the concert hall, and enter a waiting car. I immediately followed in mine, and through the dark Indian night the chase began. I extinguished the lights of my car and followed at some considerable distance. After travelling for miles on the main road, the car in front suddenly swerved. Carmen and her companion alighted. From thence they proceeded on foot through the dark forest, the stillness of which was only broken by the croaking of frogs and the occasional yell of a hungry jackal, which seemed to pierce the eerie darkness and the deathlike stillness of the jungle. I followed at a safe distance, and after they had walked about 2 miles, I saw the two figures in front suddenly stop before a huge rock. To my surprise, a stone door was thrown open and Carmen and her companion entered. The door was immediately closed behind them. I was so astonished at what I saw that I couldn't move. However, I soon recovered myself and proceeded cautiously to investigate my surroundings. I could make out nothing and was quite non-plussed when suddenly, through a crack in the rock, I saw a faint glimmer of light, which however, no sooner appeared than it was gone again. I lay down near the crack and waited for some time, and during this interval my eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. I was just beginning to be able to distinguish figures through the small aperture in the crack, when somebody, evidently a servant, entered with a beautiful light. I, being in the dark, could see distinctly what was going on inside. Supper was being served, and at the table sat Carmen and Chinitoff. After a little while, I heard the latter in excellent English, tell the servant that he could retire for the night, as he was not required. The servant then thanked his master, bowed and was gone. Then I saw Carmen and Chinitoff

talking earnestly in subdued tones for some time, after which I saw Chinitoff fill Carmen's glass with wine, and they both quaffed a glass each, not once or even twice, but six times in quick succession. Though I felt sick at what I saw, even then I pitied Carmen with all my heart; for here was a case of heredity, pure and simple, and I realised that agencies were at work, over which this poor girl had no control. Had not I heard from Carmen's own lips that her grand-father had died a drunkard? When Carmen had finished drinking the wine, she threw herself on a beautiful divan covered with gorgeous Eastern rugs and smoked an Egyptian cigarette. Then she threw off her beautiful Eastern slippers, which were studded with precious stones and stretched her shapely limbs. Through the sweet-scented smoke of her cigarette, she smiled at her companion. The smile was one of invitation and her attitude that of utter abandonment, and the beautiful brown eyes said more than the smile and the attitude. Chinitoff understood, and arose from the ground, where he had been lying on some skins. He slowly walked across the intervening space, and on reaching the divan he stooped over the prostrate figure, of Carmen, and kissed her passionately." Jim stopped here and reeled forward on his horse's neck. However, with an effort he recovered himself and continued; "and, now Tom, the sunshine has gone out of my life for ever, and to-night I mean to——— —And, good-bye, old pal," he said; and turning around quickly, he drove his spurs into his horse's sides, and before his friend could say anything he had ridden away.

He rode fast and furious in the direction of his plantation, and as he rode, darkness overtook him;—an inky darkness such as only falls over the Indian plains. Suddenly, his horse tripped and he fell headlong over the animal's neck. He rolled over only once and then lay still. Tom had followed his friend at a distance, and coming upon him he laid him tenderly against his knee. Fortunately, the accident had occured near a village, and it wasn't long before, Tom, with the aid of the villagers, had carried him to Mrs. Brown's house, as it was the nearest one in the vicinity. Jim was laid on the couch in the front parlour, and Mrs. Brown poured some brandy down his throat. He immediately regained consciousness. The Browns had lived many years in those parts. Old Colonel Brown, a distinguished soldier, had bought land in the district many years before, and at first he had prospered. But unlucky business speculations had reduced him to comparative poverty a few years prior to his death, and he and his wife and daughter had lived practically on his Government pension during the last few years of his life; and when he died he left an old house and a few acres of land to his widow and only daughter. Of cour e, Mrs. Brown received a small pension from Government and with this, and the little money which the small estate brought in, she and

her daughter managed to live. But they were very poor and Irish, and had to work hard to keep the small estate from going under. Such were the mother and girl, in whose charge Tom Smith left the dearest friend he had on earth, as he rode away to Naini Tal, which was the nearest township, to bring a doctor. When the doctor arrived, he examined Jim and stated that he was suffering from concussion of the brain. Iris Brown undertook to nurse Jim, as nobody else was available; and, in addition to nursing him tenderly as a mother, she poured forth prayers unceasingly to Heaven for his recovery. Slowly but surely, Jim recovered, and with new health and growing strength, a new hope grew in his heart. He wanted to live and repay the sweet girl who had watched by his bed. He left the Browns and went back to his own plantation, which was not very far away.

But he felt like a broken reed, and knew that it would take a long time to work up the estate, which had gone to comparative ruin during his long illness, and he didn't think it fair to burden this noble girl with himself and his poverty. So he waited till he was sufficiently strong to commence work again, and then he tried to make up for lost time by working harder than ever. But things went from bad to worse with him.

There came a dreadful drought, which all but ruined Jim's crops, and left him practically penniless. But nothing could make him forget Iris. The lower he went down in life the firmer was his resolve to have a home.

Jim and Iris would often meet, but they both kept their secret well. She out of humility; and he out of humility, backed up by his manly nature—as he thought of his poverty.

He was too much of a man to offer Iris a poor home to live in. He hoped and prayed that, someday, when things were better, he'd go to her and tell her all. One day, as the evening shadows were falling and Jim was returning from a long walk, he suddenly came upon Iris. There was an open glade in the forest, and by the banks of a rivulet sat little Iris Brown.

Unknown to her, Jim had crossed to the open glade. He sat beside her. There was silence, though one might almost hear the beatings of one's heart. An owl screeched. Slowly Jim held the soft trembling hand of Iris and the next moment their lips met.

"I love you, Jim," said she "and poverty is a joy to me."

A few days after, Jim wrote and asked his old pal, Tom, to come and see him, as he had a happy surprise in store for him. Tom, though not surprised at the news which Jim gave him on his arrival, was pleased beyond words. "And," said Jim, "though poor, we'll be happy. I feel too happy to say more, Tom, old man."

But Tom Smith understood, and patted his old college pal on his back, and replied sympathetically, "I'm more glad than I can say, Jim lad, and I rejoice with you in your new-found happiness. Your wedding day will be the happiest day of my life, but if you want me to be grooms-man, Jim old bean, you will have to wait till I see this jolly little war through." "What war?" said Jim in surprise. "Well," replied Tom, "I didn't tell you about the matter before, as I thought it would be digging up old ashes and painful memories; but things are different now and, as there won't be any room for the painful past in your new-found house of happiness, I don't mind telling you. You see, Jim lad, on that winter's evening, when you spoke about Carman and Chinitoff in the Lalkua jungles, it set me thinking. Well, I decided to do a bit of detective work on my own."

"You, a detective."

"Yes, I've been watching the movements of that chap for some time past. Of course, it has long since become common knowledge that he and Carmen are leading a sinful life, though they still try and bluff everybody with the fairy tale about having been privately married. However, all their top-show didn't go down with me. Strange things have been happening in the jungles around here, and also in the Kumaon Hills for some time past. Anyway, old man, some of my planter friends and I kept a sharp look-out; and last night, when we were hiding near the Lalkua Caves, we overheard an interesting little conversation, which took place between Carmen and her supposed lawful husband. They are evidently Bolshevist spies."

"Spies?"

"Well, old bean, the Superintendent of Police has ordered the Mounted Police to proceed immediately to the caves which you discovered. And to-night they are going to make a surprise attack on the inmates of the said caves, and as a special mark of recognition the Superintendent of Police has allowed me to partake in the affray."

On Tom's return to Jim's house, the latter said, "I congratut late you, old man, and I'm glad—more glad than I can say—tha- you got through the jolly little war all right." "I thank you from my heart," said Tom, "but allow me to congratulate you." "How do you mean?" said Jim in surprise. In reply, Tom handed his pal a cutting from one of the leading English journals announcing the death of his uncle Earl Le Fay in which it was stated that, owing to a letter received from his nephew's friend, Mr. Tom Smith, explaining the sad state to which his nephew Jim Le Fay had been reduced, the late Earl had forgiven and forgotten the differences which had arisen between them, and that he once again consti-

tuted him his sole heir. The two friends clasped hands and looked into one another's eyes. That look meant more than words; and, though Tom understood, Jim added with a shaking voice: "Tom lad, my uncle had three separate titles and four estates. In addition to his English Baronetcy and Earldom, he held the title of Seigneur De Val Plaisant. The title is as old as the hills, and the old Manor House is a magnificient building. The estate, which comprises about 12,000 acres of rich land, will bring in an income of £10,000/ per annum, if properly managed." He could not say more, but bluntly blurted out: "It is your's, Tom, if you are not too proud to accept a little present, as a small mark of gratitude, from an old pal." Tom turned away his face, as he shook Jim's hand, for his eyes had grown suspiciously moist; he only managed to say a blunt, "thank you," but the warm grasp of of his hand meant more to Jim than words. "We'll drive to Haldwani now," said Jim, "and fix up matters with the Missioner there." And so it was arranged that Iris and Jim shculd be wedded the following day.

All that night, sat a solitary figure in his bed-room, his heart wrung with anguish. It was Tom Smith. He had loved Iris Brown deeply, but, knowing that she and Jim loved one another, he had remained silent,

He might have tried to win Iris during Jim's poverty, for he was in good circumstances at the time; but, knowing what he did, he wrote instead to Jim's uncle, explaining how his nephew was situated. And, though Tom's face was as grey as the dawn which was breaking just then, he was happy, for he had served those he loved.

PATRICK BRANWELL FITZROY BRONTE

BEETHOVEN.

He comes, the sovereign of the realms of song,
Triumphant from the mansions of the dead,
His face betrays no sign of suffered wrong,
For lo, a wreath of glory crowns his head!

The air resounds with song, and earth's fair face
Glows with the freshness of its long-past prime,
To welcome to the world for one brief space
The Master-spirit—Musician sublime!

See where thy footsteps lead, O mighty King,
The trees find tongues to hail thy second birth,
For thou hast taught the voiceless how to sing
Thy wondrous symphonies o'er all the earth!

E. H. D'Alwis.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"GAURI is in, I think" said Mallika, "and she will be glad to meet you, I am sure. She does not know that you are coming, for she was out when your letter came; but Arjuna knows. I did not know you were coming to Madras soon."

"I suddenly took a week's holiday and I am glad I did, for I am anxions to make your people's acquaintance for your sake, Mallika," replied a man's voice.

A terrible thrill shot through Gauri. She and Arjuna had come to Madras on a short holiday, and she was alone in the rooms set apart for their use in a friend's house, waiting for her husband, who had gone out.

She had been busy about something and had not heard the car. Now the new voice rang suddenly in her ear......,but no new voice, alas! to her, for it was his voice......his voice! How had it come there? Had he come in search of her at last?

A faintness came over her. Vaguely through it, she heard Mallika's voice in response to his, and another suspicion shot through her. Had he somehow got hold of her sister, and made her bring him to the house? It would be like him, she bitterly felt. But, what would Arjuna think?

Through the mist, which obscured her vision, she managed to stagger into a little room just by the side of the drawing room. But there, she found her husband.

Gauri's first feeling was that she did not want him to see her face and she promptly turned her back on him and pretended to be looking at something outside. But her knees were trembling and she wondered how long she would be able to stand. Arjuna, on his part, seemed to be amused at something.

"That is Mallika's Mathuram, I am sure", he said laughing. "We must meet him. But, let us give them a little time alone. I have enquired all about him, and he seems to be all right."

Gauri gave a sigh of relief from her over-charged heart. The sound caught his ear and he advanced to her side. Catching sight of her face, he exclaimed in consternation, "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, no, I am all right," she replied, leaning against the door, "I......I felt a little giddy, that is all."

He put his arm round her; and she, in her misery, feeling the comfort of his presence, leant against him. He stroked her hair off her damp fore-head, and led her tenderly to the sofa. Gauri

felt rather happy and very relieved, that her suspicion of Mathuram was all wrong. Surely it could not be otherwise? Arjuna would have known about it then. Her impulse now was to tell him her first suspicion; but how was she to open the subject? He did not give her time either.

"You are not looking after yourself," he murmured, "you eat too little, and you work too much. You are very unhappy too. It is all my fault and I swore to make you happy too. But what can I do? I feel so miserable about it."

"I am sorry, Arjuna, to cause you so much misery,"

"Never mind mine. What about yours? If I had not married you, you could have waited for your Prakash, and he would have come back for you."

"Then, your life would not have been spoilt, as it is now?"

"Oh Gauri, I never said that........."

"You did not deny it."

"I did not, because it was not necessary. Don't you understand me?"

"Yes, yes," she said desolately.

"And, if you think you have spoilt my life, I think that I have spoilt yours. We are quits." He spoke someweat laughingly, but she missed the humour in his words. She shrank back on the couch. Oh, how bitterly he had hurt her! She had wished him to reiterate that she had not spoilt his life, that he did not mind a hundred rumours, because he loved her. Instead of that, he had turned her off with a careless repartee. But she—she would not be weak. She looked up at him.

"But then, you could have married your cousin, Pushpam."

Arjuna laughed. "I see you are still jealous of that old story", he said, "but come, I shall make a bargain with you, You know I don't wear my heart on my sleeve, never did. I cannot speak much of these things. But, if you tell me what I wish to know, I shall tell you what you are longing to hear."

"What do you wish to know?"

"About Prakash, your first husband. Are you sorry for having lost him?"

There was a pause, during which Gauri was gathering herself to speak out what her heart was clamouring to tell him. Then she opened her mouth to say something; but, before she could proceed further, Mallika burst into the room. Gauri pulled herself together.

"Oh, there you are," Mallika said to Gauri. "I have been looking for you everywhere. What is the matter, Gauri? Are you ill? I hope not, for I want you to come out. He—he—has come, sister."

"Who?" asked Arjuna, smiling.

"Mr. Mathuram," she said defiantly. "You know all about him."

"All right, little sister, I'll come. Lead on then. Let Gauri rest a while."

"Are you not coming, Gauri?" asked Mallika, hanging back.

"You go, I shall come very soon. Go, Mallika."

Left alone, Gauri still sat dazed. Her dreadful suspicion about Mathuram was again troubling her. Should she speak to her husband about it? But then, why should she make trouble for Mallika, since most probably she herself was quite wrong.

Then his voice came to her again, raised somewhat high on a note of excitement. She listened carefully. Then her face cleared. She had never heard him speak before, in that high voice. Surely, it was not he. She must look at him. And then, the thought came to her that, even, if she saw him, she could not recognise him; for had she not been blind, when she had known him? Her only guidance must be her ear, and even that was not a sure guide, for it had lost much of its keenness, now that she had her eyes.

She listened for a while longer, and then she stood up, straight and strong. She was almost sure now it was not he. Besides, surely he could not so mislead Arjuna! And surely he would not be so wicked as to change his name and deceive poor Mallika. Why, he pretended to love Mallika, and she really loved him. Perhaps, there was a tiny feeling of jealousy in Gauri's heart; a resentment that, if it was he, he should not have forgotten her and turned so soon to another love.

So, she marched bravely into the room, was introduced to Mr. Mathuram, and spoke to him now and then. And her mind was set quite at rest. This man's voice was not like the other one's, except in a few notes. What did those matter? Her ear had led her wrong. Besides, he did not seem to know anything about what had happened before. He did not look much at her, all his eyes were for the younger girl. He did not speak to Gauri more than necessary. Indeed, he spoke and acted and even seemed to think quite differently to Prakash. And soon, she forgot about his voice too.

So, they passed a pleasant time together that day, and the next few days also. Arjuna liked Mathuram and they quickly became friendly. All their friends, who knew him, spoke well of him. So, when he asked for Mallika, Gauri was quite willing to sanction the engagement. Arjuna however—always a cautious man—advised delay. What was the hurry about it? Mallika was still

studying and she ought not to be disturbed. Let the young people wait till they knew their own minds properly. But Mallika hated delay. She begged for their approval. Let her be engaged, and she would study all the better. If not, she would not study at all. Anyhow, she would stick to him. So there! Moved by her entreaties, and remembering what Mallika had said once before, Gauri thought it better to give in; and after a time, Arjuna also consented to the engagement, but somewhat reluctantly. So, little Mallika was very happy. She had only three terms more to finish, and her lover, moreover, had to go back to his station of work somewhere in the North. They would meet again during the Christmas holidays; but—and this was a strict condition made by Arjuna—the engagement was not to be announced, till after Mallika's examination. He felt that that at least was necessary to keep his frivolous sister-in-law from losing her head.

(To be continued)

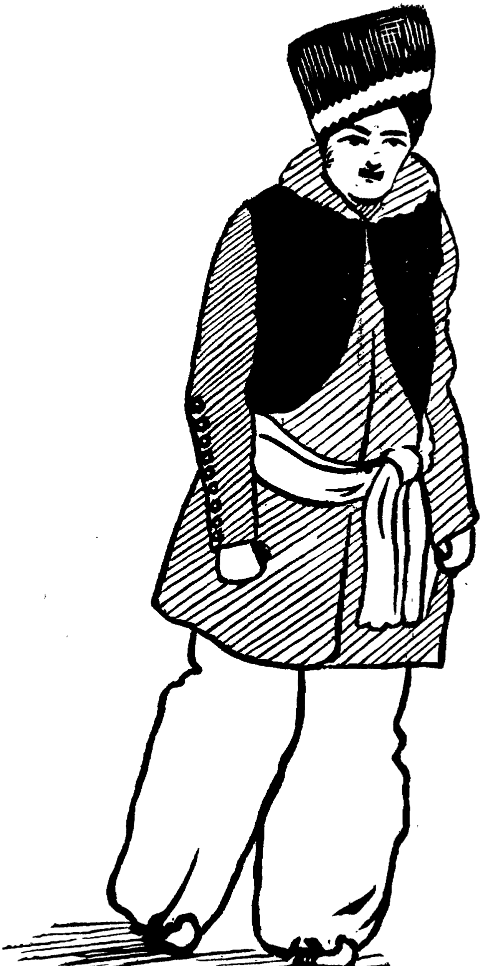
K. S.

IN MAN'S REALM.

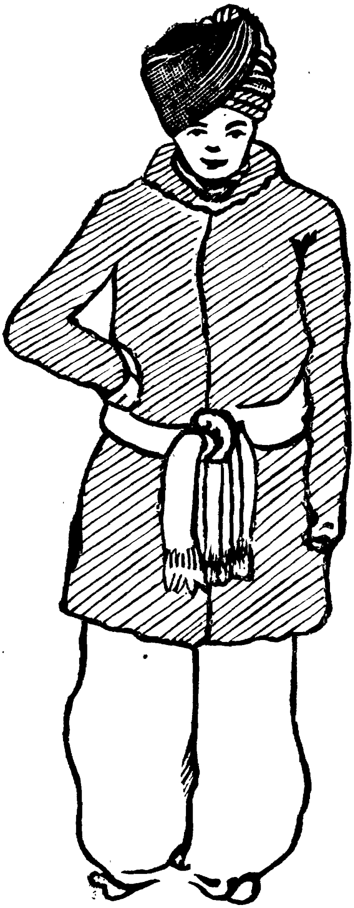
SARTOR INDICA

(Continued)

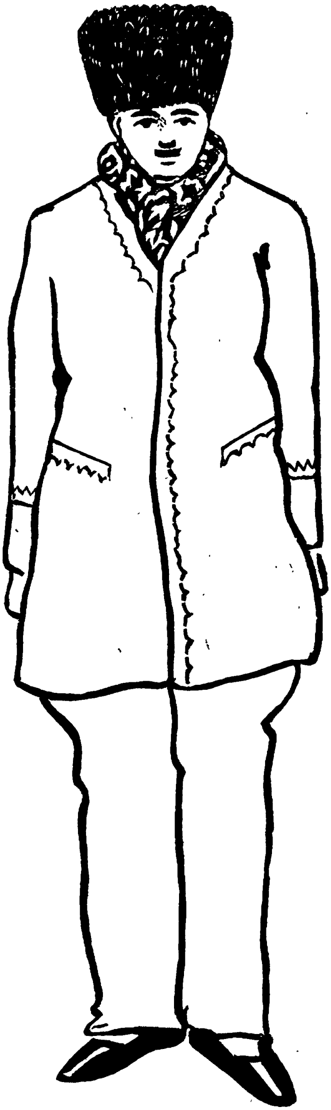
IT is not absolutely impossible to agree on a common cut of clothes for mankind, I mean Indian mankind, as distinct from womankind. This observation gains greater value, when it is remembered that by some strange chance there is not much of variety in the mere drapery portion of an Indian lady's make-up, and that the real points of difference between different districts lie in the way the saris are fitted on, with the exception, of course, of certain parts of Malabar. Why there should be so much of uncertainty in any dream of success in the matter of man's dress passes one's understanding. We ought to be serious about these reforms. We shall have to call a conference—an Intra-National, Inter-Provincial or Something-District Conference, in which the main aim should be to get the opinion of the delegates from districts, showing the wildest departures from the common run. We shall have to get the opinion of our sisters, as they have in the end to put up with what might turn out to be the conventional clown's cap-and-bells and motley. It hurts a sane man to a pitiable extent to be told by a lady that he is a clown. But, it bucks him up tremendously to learn that his exterior is admired by a woman of fashion, and, since this seems to be so desirable in the interests of lasting domestic happiness, I must lay it down as an essential condition that the Conference, or whatever it might be,



DINNER



LUNCH



LOUNGE

should be presided over by a woman—a woman who can understand the masculine mind—a woman who likes to be admired by man, not the giddy cackling butterfly by any means, but the matter-of-fact, sanely-sexed, sporting good sort, who can be serious when she wants to be.

Let it not be understood that, in what is about to follow, I am trying to impose my views on a subcontinent. It would be nothing short of impertinence to expect a hearing, if that be the case. The very ieea of the Conference is that there can be more than one opinion and more than one side to every proposal in the matter of reform. I can only say that, imagining myself to be in the position of one of the delegates I shall do this, and say that, and modify this other. The main consideration will always be this: whatever may be the attractions of a particular style agreed upon, give the obese old man a chance, give the lean man whose legs are like the pencil inside a Pocket Diary (a woman's deseription if you please) a chance, give the bald man and the hirsute man and the short man and the six-footer all a chance,

We have wished 'goodbye' to the days, when Indians could safely slip out from public functions on grounds of mere orthodoxy. We simply have to go. It would therefore be but right that we should, like the Westerners, have some sort of dress for dinner, lunch, garden parties and such other occasions, if only to get away from all the heavy stuff we have to put up with, if we have to be in the Western style and that too with a latent feeling of incompleteness.

Take the dinner dress first. We don't want swallow-tails. We don't want the European stuff at all. It is black and reminds one of funerals and kindred functions of doubtful mirth. It does not fit in with the idea behind the flowers on the table. It jars with the coloured covering on the chocolate before us. It cannot but sicken our neighbour, if she is a sensible Indian Lady. And it is moreover not quite pleasant to realise that we have failed to please, where we have been at pains to please. We need not pause to see why the Europeans came to adopt such a monstrous piece of clothing for a function, which is obviously intented to please rather than annoy. The Indian should have something which, while it marks him off as a man, must still be in harmony with what his wife wears.

It must be of silk. There must not be two styles for the hot and the cold season. It is a luxury we have denied to our women. There must be only one type and it must be full of colour. There should be a long tunic, opening out from top to bottom, which may or may not be closed by means of buttons. It may be of any colour, crimson or green or blue or yellow. It must be kept in place

by a *kamarabund,* which must be of a different colour altogether. The fat round person may say that the kamarabund gives a decided advantage to the youngster, who has a waist to show off. It should therefore be in the form of a loose girdle, so that the youngster does not get the ghost of a chance to show you where his waist is. This kamarabund may terminate in tassels or not. The shirt must go beyond it, that is all, and must reach to the knees, and must cover very loose trousers after the Afghan pattern. It should wave and flutter in the breeze. It should cover the ankles clean and must show nothing but a fraction of the slippers or patent leather shoes, one may wear. The shirt should not meet the neck direct; there must be a sort of collar—detachable or otherwise—which may be of white muslin or lace. And lastly, there must be a waist-coat made of velvet or satin, with small pockets, extravagantly embroidered in gold. The vest should on no account be made to close, lest the old fat man object. That is all. The headgear is a matter of one's own choice, and one may be trusted to find out what is best for one, with due deference to the colour of the shirt and vest. I shall not give any opinion on the particular colour of the various pieces of this dinner dress. I am not quite sure if the Indian will be in favour of uniformity in colour at all.

I have merely chalked out the main characteristics of the type of costume that appeals to me. Even in this very same type, appendages and modifications will suggest themselves as time goes on. It is good to be changing. It is not good to allow centuries to roll on over one unvarying type. It gives exercise for the imagination to be fashioning new types. No progressive country has been unchanged in its fashions India should not lag behind. It really ought to be changing more rapidly than the rest of the world, since nowhere else is it possible to have so many opinions from one single country.

It might surprise some of my readers to see me think of a type of dress for lunch. Lunch may be an informal affair, but so long as you are not lunching in your own home you cannot be trusted to behave well in the matter of dress. Left to yourself, you will again fall back on the *dhoti* and the *angavastram.* You want a lunch dress, unlike the European's. Let it then be a less cumbersome dinner dress, say the same type as the one drawn by me, minus the vest. You may, if you care, roll up your favourite gold-bordered *angavastram* and wrap it across your chest and back. Or you may dispense with the kamarabund altogether and have your *angavastram* tied round your hips—not your waist please, with a good bit of it hanging down from the centre. All other details may remain the same.

There must be something corresponding to the lounge suit for the Indian, who would go to a garden party. There must be

smartness, ease, and a general air of suit-all-purses about it. In this case, a type can be chosen which will suit any material, from thin silk, through muslin, to coloured woollen stuff. I am not in favour of the latter stuff, since women are seen getting along without wool, but, in cases where wool is indispensable, this costume should not be found wanting in adaptability. Let it then be a modified pair of Jodhpur breeches with that amount of width, that would effectively hide the "shrunk shanks" of your unfortunate brother. This may be topped by a long coat like the one used by Maharajas and may or may not have buttons. It is possible that the closed coat may have certain inconveniences for the double-chinned grandfather, who is certainly a force to be reckoned with. We may have, therefore, to abandon closed coats altogether and adopt something approximating the opening found in the waist-coat, worn along with lounge suits by Europeans. This opening need not be a strict straight line, nor should it necessarily be a narrow opening. The border of it may be lined with such stuff, coloured or not, as pleases your fancy. The small vent can be filled up by those beautiful scarves so popular with a certain section of Mohammedans on the Malabar Coast. There are other ways of filling up this vent, for instance by a broad sweeping collar, but the silk scarf is a favourite and deserves to be recognized as such. We will have the scarf and no other, and these scarves will take the place of the tie of the European and admit of a display of tastes.

The open-air dress, as I shall call the type now described, can do very well for the office, the theatre and the race-course. A plainer adaptation of the same thing will do admirably for home-wear, if we are really keen on receiving informal guests in some sort of style.

It must now be clear to the reader that, what has to be done, is, not so much by way of reform, as by way of educating the public, that we ought to have some sort of standard. The conference I dream of will then be an easy matter. It is after all a matter of propaganda very like the Nationalist propaganda, that has resulted so very soon in the "Swaraj" cry of the India of today. If the Indian national leaders will only think of this, it is a *fait accompli*. I hope at the same time that no feeling of antipathy to all things foreign will discountenance the adoption of little things, simply because they happen to be foreign Dress may have a political significance, but let nothing stand in the way of the pure idea of dress being perfected.

My dream, I am happy to say, is not an impossibility. This article is mainly addressed to those Indians, who have the means to go about in Western costume, or whose occupations call upon them to follow Western manners, customs and costumes to some

extent. To such as these, it requires just the will to find out the way. They require just the lead to produce a following. The adoption of their ways by the rest of the country may be slow, but it is sure to happen. Is it therefore too much to expect that in the immediate future there will be an Indian Sartorial Conference, whose deliberations will give us the future Indian fashions?

"ANDROMEDA"

N. B. "Andromeda's" ideas certainly deserve consideration. Being a woman, I cannot presume to give my opinion about what Indian men should wear, even though "Andromeda" wishes the honour of presiding over a sartorial conference given to a woman. of "Andromeda's" ideas look to me curious. I should like to know what my readers think about them.

Of course, it must be asserted that the present stringent political crisis is not the time for a sartorial conference; but there can be no harm in mild discussions.

EDITOR, I. L. M.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

THOUGHTS ON A RAINY DAY.

London, April 19th, 1931.

The first sound I heard on waking this morning was the pit-pat of rain against my window, and as I lay a-bed in that delicious early-morning state of drowsy semi-wakefulness, it seemed a pleasant accompaniment to the lazy meandering of my own thoughts. But later, when I had left slumber far behind me, the continued downpour became a nuisance, and irritating, like a tune that is repeated too often. Now the day is well advanced, and there is no longer any hope that this is but a shower. There is no abatement at all; it is going to be a real wet day.

Rain, which continues for more than a few hours at a time, is unusual enough in this City to make it the subject of conversation and much "grousing", particularly if it comes, as on this occasion, on a Sunday, when London is half-dead anyway. Then it seems to be the final blow, which only the most complacent folk can overcome, and keep cheerful. There is a universal greyness, that somehow affects even the most phlegmatic of our race, and one is tempted to give oneself up wholly and definitely to idleness and melancholy.

Through my window I can see my tiny garden—one tree forlorn and shivering at the onslaught of the rain, the little plants bent and dejected, everything soaked and dripping, whilst the sparrows

crouch in the eaves, shaking their tiny wet feathers and protesting with little disconsolate twitterings.

My fire is burning brightly, yet the atmosphere is damp and chilly. I suppose in every house around here people are shut up just as I am; I wonder how they are all passing the time; how many are cross at having their plans sent awry and how many are busying themselves inside the house and not troubling about the weather at all.

Not everyone is shut up, of course. Right outside here there is an old watchman, where a part of the road is under repair, sitting in a little wooden hut and keeping his good coal fire ablaze, and ever and anon as he bends forward to warm his hands he mutters to himself and shakes his head as he looks up at the skies. Oh, what a day!

Yet only yesterday the sun was shining, skies were blue, and everything was cheery. Strange and rather foolish that a few gallons of water should make such a difference. Come now, shall we let the rain spoil our day, make us cross and keep us prisoners? No, indeed. On with our rain-coats, on with good boots, and we will penetrate this "greyness"—even though we only walk as far as the home of our nearest friends, to compare notes with them, and grumble about the weather!

AMICUS.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS:

MEN'S IDEAS.

"Do we dress to please men?" asks a women's paper, and answers in the affirmative, the reasons being that first it is natural to do so; secondly that the man's judgment is unbiassed by considerations of fashion, and therefore apt to be correct as far as *his* taste is concerned.

Men judge in the first place by personality. They instinctively know which clothes suit a particular one the best; which is proved by the fact that, what is disliked on one woman, is often admired by them on another.

Secondly, men like their own opinions to be listened to, and so feel themselves flattered. And I do think it is worth while to try to please by your costume, in a little way at least, the men in the house.

A man again likes a woman to look feminine, I think, even though it seems to be all the other way now-a-days. But that is because women have become so interested in sports. And certainly, when a woman goes out with a man on excursions, or long walks,

or companions him in games, or helps him in business, she must be dressed in a work-man-like fashion, with nothing inconvenient or incommoding about her. But, at other times, when a woman relaxes or entertains, a man will like her to look soft and womanly. But even here, I am sure he will hate anything fussy or sloppy. Above all things, a man likes women to be neat, even when feminine. Some people say men do not notice colours much; but I think they do; and very often their taste in colour-harmony is excellent. So is it in cut and form and suitability. In any case, be sure that, even when men are most absent-minded and callous about the dress of their wives and sisters, they still notice it in a sub-conscious manner; for, when anything very unsuitable or glaring is worn, an unfavourable comment is generally forthcoming. In a man's case, very often, silence means approval, and dislike shows itself in criticism. This applies to Indians as well as to Europeans.

SISTER SUSIE.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE WIFE OF THE YOUNG INDIAN OFFICIAL.

Sometimes she is very orthodox. I know a lady, who was considered an obstacle in the path of her husband's career, not by himself, for he was very fond of her and was ever loyal to her, but by others. Several of his friends tried to cultivate her acquaintance, but in vain. They called and she returned the call; but that was all. They asked her to teas and picnics, and offered to get her special Brahmin food, for they knew she was an orthodox woman; but to no purpose. She made an excuse each time, the chief one being that she felt shy because she did not know English; and yet she never made an attempt to learn it.

She never took trouble to entertain, or be entertained. Her husband liked her to take lessons in music; he got her a teacher also; but she was afraid to practise, because her relatives and connections in the town might laugh at her. She was in fact, too conservative and old-fashioned, and afraid to advance or step forward in any way, lest she be thought forward or un-Indian.

But this lady became in time the mother of a beautiful son; and thereafter she considered that her chief duty in life was done. So did her husband.

It is difficult to know what to do in such cases The first point to be kept in consideration of course is, not to lose sight of

Indian tradition or Indian taste and dignity. But one must be careful not to confuse this with orthodoxy, or stagnant old-fashion. To be stupidly conservative is not Indian tradition by any means. To step forward in the right direction is the thing to do; and when a woman happens to be the wife of an important official, it is her duty to help her husband in his social demands, even though thereby her orthodoxy may be outraged or infringed upon. Even caste has to be abandoned in a measure; or at least toleration allowed, and latitude both for husband and friends. There is no use in being a mill-stone round the husband's neck.

A very different type is the woman who goes forward too much and puts aside right conventions, because she thinks she is above such. If she has moved in English society, she thinks she can have all the liberty she can get. She thinks she is correctly imitating Western women; but she forgets that the latter do draw the line somewhere, and know where to draw the line. But our Indian lady is not aware of limits, and goes too far; and if checked or advised, she becomes sullen and makes herself a trouble to others. Take for instance the case of a young wife, who is allowed to do as she likes, or is forced to be allowed to do so, by her husband. Has she any right to be seen constantly in the company of a man-friend, even to the extent of going for lonely and long drives always with him, just because her husband is too busy to take her about often? Certainly, not the Indian woman; and even the Western woman would hesitate at such a course.

A middle type is what we want; a gracious, dignified woman, a sweet and sporting companion to her husband, a wise mother, a kindly hostess, a tactful entertainer, a fine friend, a "great woman" in fact, self-denying and working for others, and yet in a measure, firm and self-respecting.

PANKAJAM.

SOCIETY SNAPS

1. THE GENERAL AND THE ANGEL.

A great war was raging through the world. It was dawn--and a good and mighty General bent in deep concentration over a survey map, upon the surface of which he placed numerous flags, in various positions, as he worked out a new method of attack. The enemy was deep and cunning and the General knew that upon his decision might depend the peace of the whole world. Suddenly a shining angel stood by his side, and, taking his hand, moved the flags about into an altogether new array. The General

stood, for a few moments amazed—and too staggered to speak. But the angel said, "If you do not follow my guidance—you lose the decisive battle !" For an hour, the General wrestled within himself as to whether this was not an illusion of the senses. At last, he resolved to follow the angel's instruction, and won a great victory. When the battle was done, congratulations came upon him from all sides, but this great man, who for bravery on the field was unmatched, dared not tell his fellow officers how he won the battle, because he shrank from their sure ridicule.

Moral :—A man may be a great hero in one direction, and an utter coward in another.

2. THE EARTH, THE MOON AND THE SUN.

One night, when the moon was hidden behind a mass of black clouds, and it was intensely dark down on earth, the earth began to say some very insulting things to the moon, upbraiding her for shedding so poor a light, when travellers on this globe were in danger of missing their way. "Oh !" said the moon, "I reflect as much light as the sun gives me. How can I do more? You should not wrap yourself in such dense garments, then I should be the better able to give you illumination". "Insolent cub," said the earth, "If it were not for me, you would not be in existence at all, for it was I who gave you birth." "Well," said the moon, continuing her revolution round the earth "You must have had a very nasty temper, even in those days, for you flung me a long way off from you." "I have an excellent mind to put on my magic boots and step over the two hundred and thirty nine thousand miles that separate us, in order to box your ears," said the earth. Now, though the sun had set several hours before this quarrel began, he was not too far away to hear these two inferior orbs having words about so small a matter. It made him very angry, so with regal, fiery mien, he bellowed forth in furious voice that he would put aside his kingly duties and climb up the sky to burn them both up, if they would not forsake such inane brawling. So the earth and the moon, knowing ninety-three millions of miles would be but a stride or two to their blazing parent, became terrified of his fierce flames, which they could then see leaping out for thousands of miles into space. Being thus afraid, they saw their folly, and immediately set about patching up their differences.

Moral : Little people are always concerned about their own bigness and importance, whilst the truly great are always quiet unless duty necessitates interference.

HERBERT PORTER.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) OUR SERIAL STORY.

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VII

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

RUKMINI, with her dripping hair all about her face and her dainty figure clad in a pink cotton voile saree and violet blouse, burst into Seeta's presence sobbing.

"Seeta, come and see our Janaki."

"What's the matter with her?" quickly asked the other in a voice of deep concern, and both sisters without another word ran to see the bride in her wicker basket.

Janaki, be it confessed, was a naturalized Indian, for originally she was an English doll with rosy cheeks, chestnut hair and blue eves, that would turn in whenever she slept. Her exposed limbs were of China, the rest of the body being of a sort of canvas filled with saw-dust to give it firmness and proper shape. When Vasant had observed on the rainy evening that the bride was taller than the groom, his elder brother decided that it was time enough Janaki should be undergoing a structural change. In all his experiments with other people's things, it must be said, to Mohun's credit, that he acted on a sound philosophic principle, that all men being the same, their properties were likewise common, and that he ought to handle other people's belongings as his own. But every rule has an exception, and in this case, the principle did not apply when his own things were in question.

On Friday evening, he resolved to subject Janaki to a series of surgical operations, to shorten her length. After the girls had all gone to bed, he took the bride from the wicker basket and put her on his table With the narrow blade of a pair of scissors, he bored a hole in the doll's stomach and expelled a quantity of saw-dust. This done, he tried to fold the trunk at the diaphram and stitch it up. But alas, no amount of folding or stitching would restore the firmness of the body and Janaki looked like one without a spine.

At the sight of this tragedy, Rukmini burst into tears again, and Seeta followed suit. Both girls sobbing violently ran to their mother, who was sorting out the clothes in her ward-robe.

"See mother, what Mohun has done," they cried and held the crippled doll before her.

Mrs. Vikram was shocked to see such a piece of wanton mischief, and it hurt her all the more to think how selfish her eldest boy must be to cause distress to his younger sister and brothers for the sake of his own amusement.

"Go and report to father, dears, but don't cry like that. You shall have another doll."

Mrs. Vikram was much grieved, but she had full confidedce that her husband was the only and proper person to deal with a culprit like her eldest son.

Dr. Vikram in his study, adjoining his home dispensary upstairs was playing with his two youngest children, tossing them up to the ceiling, and mounting them both on his shoulders and prancing across the room, or tickling them, and telling them stories. His frivolous mood changed into a serious one, when the girls told him their pathetic story. He took the doll in his hand, turned it over and over on its side, to see whether there was some remedy. Then he bade both the children go down and send Mohun up to him.

"Father, you gave an extra toss to Babu," Raji reminded her father. "Now it is my turn"

She clung tightly to his knee and leaning backwards turned her pleading eyes to his face, while Babu like a madcap was spinning round and round on his heels and stopping suddenly to enjoy the pleasure of staggering.

"Don't cry, dears," he spoke to his big daughters, unheeding Raji, "you have other dolls, I am sure, to take Janaki's place today. Now, Rukmini, your hair can't be dry; undo your plait at once and stand in the sun there. You can talk afterwards."

Seeta began, "We have Roshanara, Chandragupta, Alexandra—".

"Ancient, modern, cosmopolitan," added Dr. Vikram with a smile. "Can't you find a temporary substitute for the bride?"

"Father," said Seeta, "Alexandra has lost her left shoe, Minisha's hand was broken by Babu, and Janaki's wedding costume won't fit the others."

"But can't you have a simple party without the wedding today?" he enquired.

Seeta's face brightened up a little, "I'll ask sister," she said, and ran to Rukmini who, likewise relieved at the suggestion, accompanied Seeta back to her father's study.

"Oh yes, father, we will have it that way," cried both girls at once.

"Mohun ought to be certainly punished for teasing you always. He meddled with your toys once before, did he not?" asked Dr. Vikram.

"Often, father," replied Rukmini; "only he will beg us not to complain to you. Once, when we refused to admit him to our games, he hid our favourite doll in order to annoy us for a little while. After some days he forgot where he kept her and so we never saw Mumtaz again."

"Father, Mohun snapped the string of Babu's rubber monkey," was the next accusation brought against the eldest, this time by his little sister, Raji.

"How, now? what is that?" exclaimed the father screwing up his eyes and looking at Seeta.

"Don't you remember the parcel of toys uncle sent us from Bombay?" began Seeta. "Babu was asleep when it was opened. Mohun took his own share of the toys and because Babu was asleep he tried to play with the things uncle had sent to the poor boy. He stretched the string of a bobbing monkey so hard, that it broke. Whether we admit him to our games or not, father, he takes a pleasure in spoiling them."

Dr. Vikram rubbed his eyes and looked thoughtful for a while. Then he said,

"Now dears, have a simple party today. Mohun shall certainly be punished for his wickedness. Your mother and I will come with pleasure to taste your excellent viands, Next week, I am going to Madras for a fresh supply of drugs and other things, I need. You can come with me, and buy some nice dolls at the shops. Raji and Babu, go downstairs with your sisters, and sleep for a little while."

"Are you taking us to Madras, father? Really?" and the two girls jumped for joy.

Thundering down the stairs, Rukmini and Seeta tore into the kitchen, the younger girl screaming out, as she outran her sister.

"Mother, guess where we are going next",—a clatter and clang and crash and vibrations of noise followed as the dishes, Seeta had kicked in her mad career, rolled and flew in different directions scattering their contents on the floor.

"Seetamma!" exclaimed Chandra with her hand on her hips, as the girl stood still, gazing at the spectacle in stupefaction. After the cook had recovered from her amazement she muttered half to herself and half to the young lady.

"Good thing, Seetamma, mother is not here. She is giving clothes to the dhoby. But I feel Providence ought to have given you two extra eyes and set them in your feet. Indeed, they are very far away from your face, you being so tall. But they were the right distance when you were born. So you shouldn't blame anybody."

Mohun was duly sent up to answer the charges against him. In the meantime, Dr. Vikram had reflected as to how to deal with a fellow like his eldest boy, so overflowing with life and energy that he turned all his activity into mischief and cruel pranks, not hesitating even to tell a lie. He came to the conclusion that, to keep Mohun out of scrapes, was to keep him constantly occupied.

One of the penalties most dreaded by the youngsters was to be locked up in their father's study for half an hour or more according to the nature of the offence. To be stared at by visitors, to hear the glad voices of the others at play, and not being able to join them,—oh, it was more than one could bear. Why should father be so hard and why should mother commit the case into his hands? Mohun's fate that morning was that. But this time he was not left to enjoy the loss of an hour's liberty by himself. His father had quite a serious talk with him, told him how in his place he was taking his sisters to Madras, and gave three months' grace to mend for future paternal favours. In short, he made Mohun ashamed of himself for his tricks. There were a number of floral catalogues on the table with coloured plates. Dr. Vikram selected Burpee and Cooper, and gave them to his boy for ordering whatever seeds he liked, so that he might take to gardening.

When Mohun came down after his discharge, he was quite grave and serious. By and by he collected all his property and made an exhibition of them, pencils, rubbers, nibs, buttons of all colours, chalks, foreign coins and stamps, flags of all countries, pictures, story books, marbles, tops, a catapault, a penknife, a box of water-colours, a rubber ball, a flash light, and miscellaneous things.

"Seet and Rook," he called his wronged sisters, "Come and select what you want" .

Vasant, who came running with his sisters, begged for a toy watch, which showed panoramic pictures.

"We really don't want anything, Mohun," said Rukmini, "But give the poor boy what he wants."

(To be continued) H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

I am up in the cool hills just now. The heat of the plains and the turmoil of business there, are but dreams—only for a while, it is true—, but still dreams at present. The rolling hills, the undulating downs, the lovely flowers, the verdant trees, the soft clouds, the tempered sunshine, the cool breezes, are all about me. So, I feel in a kindly mood, and I feel I cannot do better this month than write to you about kind words.

It is quite plain that kind words are the out-come of a contended mind ; but how much better would they be, if they came in spite of an uneasy mind. They are the result of a trained mind in a way. By this I do not mean that they should be forced, or pretended, or hypocritical. By no means. Kindness can be a habit of the mind, which, though unhappy in itself for itself, yet makes it a custom to think kindly about outsiders and outside things. Even though sad ourselves, we can yet control ourselves to take a kindly interest in others. But beware of "always smiling," like some benignant people. I do not think kindness need always be accompanied by a smile. You know what Hamlet says : "He can smile and smile and be a villain."

So remember to be kind to others, even in the midst of all your varied pursuits, throw a kindly word to other people, or do a kindly deed. "Kind words can never die," says the song.

There was a lady, who was rather snobbish and proud, because she thought she was a very good woman. She would never be kind to people who had done wrong, or who were of a questionable character. There was a bad man, who always appeared to be good. One day, this man was found out and many people blamed him and shunned him. He felt in a desperate mood, ready to do all sorts of sins. But the good and proud lady had not heard about him. She was suddenly introduced to him by an innocent friend. Because he appeared good, she was kind to him. The bad man was suprised. He thought the lady knew all about his wickedness, and yet she was kind, though she was such a good woman. He began to feel better. He felt that there must be some good left in him. And from that hour, he began gradually to grow into a better man. So, you see how a few kind words worked wonders.

I hope, after all this preaching, I shall still continue to feel kind, even when I return to the heat of the plains.

Yours sincerely

PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CONSTIPATION.

CHAPTER 36.

THE bowels of an infant should have one or two evacuations daily. The motions must be of a healthy colour, soft, but not watery. So long as the motions retain these physical characteristics, diminished frequency alone should not be regarded as constipation. Indeed, there are individual pecularities with reference to

movements of the bowels. One child will enjoy good health, have a good appetite and will gain in weight with 3 or 4 movements per day. Another child in equally good health will have but one movement in 36 to 48 hours. These peculiarities should be taken into consideration before calling a child constipated.

CAUSES: 1. Bottle-feeding,
2. Deficiency of fat in the breast-milk or feed,
3. Deficiency of sugar in feed,
4. Insufficient quantity of water in the diet,
5. Sedentary habits,
6. Lack of sufficient quantity of food,
7. General debility of the child resulting from some recent illness, in which case the bowels are too weak to expel the contents,
8. Habitual use of purgatives.

SYMPTOMS: Some children are in apparent health. But in others, the bowels not moving with regularity, there is loss of appetite, stomachache, and flatulence; restlessness at nights is a common feature. The child may cry constantly and the abdomen may be distended. The stools are hard and not infrequently a few drops of blood may be passed, but this need not occasion any alarm. If neglected, the child may get thinner. Sometimes, fever ranging from 100° to 103° may develop, owing to constipation.

TREATMENT: The treatment of constipation does not consist in administering a purgative. Purgatives are called for only for the immediate relief of constipation once in a way. Their habitual use sets up irritation of the bowels and subsequent exhaustion, which will cause inactivity of the bowels for one to two days. During this time accumulation again takes place. Another purgative dose is called for, and the process is repeated over and over again, until the bowels thus accustomed to serve purgatives will not function by any stimulation less severe than the one to which they have been habituated. This is the way the continued use of purgatives, too commonly and freely adopted by mothers, defeats the very object for which it is taken. To obtain a cure therefore, we must not depend on the use of drugs alone. Our attention, on the other hand, should be directed more to the diet.

For a very young infant, the practice is to give castor oil every other day. This will never cure constipation. If the infant is hand-fed, the addition of half a teaspoon of malt extract[1] to one to two, or three feeds, as the case may require, will be very successful. The individual peculiarities of course, should be considered and the quantity of malt extract increased or decreased according to the frequency and character of the motions. The method of boiling the milk, the source and quality of the milk supply and the quantity

of water given to the infant have to be considered. If constipation persists, a five per cent solution of sugar of milk can be used, instead of plain water, for diluting the milk. If the milk is poor in fat, cream must be added or given separately to the extent of 2 to 4 teaspoons per day. Fruit juice is essential, about 1 oz. per day.

If the child is breast-fed, the quality of the milk should be improved by the mother taking liberally of fatty foods, such as ghee, butter, milk etc, and a teaspoon or more of sugar-water should be given to the infant, after every feed. The mother must reform her ways, take more exercise and eat more vegetables. For infants over one year, a morning cup of oat conjee sweetened with sugar, and to which is added a teaspoon of butter, will be found to answer well. It must be remembered that bread, potato, rice, barley, etc; have a tendency to constipate, and that vegetables, greens, fruits, chiefly the apple, orange, plantain, grapes etc. have a laxative tendency. Children subject to constipation should be prevented from acquiring sedentary habits, but should be encouraged fo go about and play.

In conditions of general debility, some tonic such as a preparation of cod liver oil should be thought of. In such, one drug or another is required in addition to the tonic, to tone up the bowels, and for this Cascara Sagrada[2] is eminently suited. It is supplied in 1 grain pills by Burroughs Welcome & Co. and one to two grains per day will quite do. It should be stopped, as soon as the bowels have resumed their function.

Occasionally, purgatives too may be called for. A half grain pill of Calomel (B. W. & Co.) at bed time will act as a right pill. If more cathartic action is desired, syrup of senna with or without sulphate, soda will work. Preparations containing croton seeds are called for only in cases of emergency. Another method of administering purgative, is by menas of senna tea, which is prepared just like ordinary tea, (senna leaves dry, being used instead of tea) to which are added milk and sugar. Children take it easily. Caster oil also is useful in its own way.

Besides the foregoing, it is hardly necessary to insist that habit and custom have a great deal to do with the regularity of the motions, and a skilful mother will begin the establishment of this habit as early as the fourth or fifth month of life.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

FOOT NOTE: 1. Extract of Malt. A preparation known as "Cristolax" is recommended. It is composed of 50% of liquid paraffin and 50% of Malt extract.

2. If Cascara Sagrade is not available, Gorochanam can be substituted in ¼ to ½ grain dose per day.

TACT IN SOCIETY.

"OH mother," cried my daughter, "I have come to such an interesting part in my novel. Do let me read it today, and finish it. I feel I cannot wait a whole day. It won't do me any harm to read it on a Sunday; because it is a very good book, and teaches moral lessons."

"No dear," I answered, "I have told you over and over again that you are not to read frivolous novels on Sundays. It is bad enough reading them on week-days. Now, go away, and don't argue."

"But, mother," cried my daughter. "If you don't let me read it, I shall be miserable. As it is, I hate Sundays, because they are a torture to me. There is nothing to do, but just go to Church, and then, wait for the day to be over. You talk gossip to your friends on Sundays, all the time thinking that you are keeping the day holy. Is it not better to read a good healthy novel, than to slander your neighbour?"

I was shocked and surprised. "Child," I cried, "how dare you talk to your mother like that? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Now, as a punishment, I am not going to talk to you the whole day."

"Oh, all right," she cried. "This is what you call being a 'good Christian'. You never listen to my arguments without getting angry. Also, this is how you spend Sundays, inflicting unjust punishment on your own children."

With these words, she flung out of the room. I was angry, very angry. How dare the child talk to me as she had done? Then, my anger cooled, and I said to myself, "I must pray for her. The child is losing her spirit of Christianity."

Just then, Mrs. Peter came in, and we started talking. She had a very interesting story to tell me about her cousin's daughter, who was very friendly with a shop-keeper. "Listen to the scandal of it," she said, "Isn't it wicked to flirt with a poverty-stricken shop-keeper."

After the naration of this spicy bit of gossip, my friend went. I enjoyed her story, and forgot all about my daughter; but when I went inside to read my Bible, I heard stifled sobs ensuing from my daughter's room, and suddenly my heart melted and I felt a pang of remorse. All at once, I felt that my whole idea of Christianity had hitherto been based on a wrong principle. A Christian was there to give happiness to others, and here I was, making my own daughter miserable. After all, had not the girl been right in criticising my mode of spending Sundays? Where was the harm in reading a healthy novel? Was I not more of a fanatic than a

Christian? The figure of Christ appeared to me, and His wonderful broad-mindedness, sympathy to others, good-will to all men, and unselfishness, flashed before my mind. Forty-five years of my life had been based on selfish dogmas, believing in things, which had no Christian foundation. Did not Christ himself say, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for Sabbath?" Alas, how many millions of Christians were there even now, like me, good Church-going Christians, but prejudiced, narrow-minded, fanatics? I made up my mind to change my mode of life, to be more free, sympathetic, unselfish, and, above all, to understand other people, especially my own children. And, with the viewpoint of my life suddenly changing thus, these wonderful words of Tagore's came to my mind:—

"Where the mind is without fear, and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arm towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sands of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward into ever-widening thought and action——

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake."

I went into my daughter's room, and told her to read her novel. She jumped up with a happy smile shining through her tears, and kissed me. She was a good girl, and loved me well. "Oh, mother," she cried, "I won't read the novel if it will displease you; but I was feeling so sad, because I thought you were leading the wrong kind of Christian life. That's why I argued with you this morning, Please forgive me, mother."

I then told her in simple words, the revelation which had been made to me that morning, and my soul knew more peace that day, than it had known for a long time; for narrow dogmas had been broken, and I was free.

"WORLDLY-WISE"

OUR LONDON LETTER

MARRIAGE and divorce are still subjects which are perennially interesting to English people. The newspapers often devote special articles to these important subjects. Mrs. Cecil

Chesterton, the well-known writer, contributes a very interesting article to "the Daily Express" of April 16, 1 31. "But getting married is still woman's only hope," is the title of her article. Mrs. Chesterton writes: 'Marriage is the heart's desire of 99 per cent of women. The remaining one per cent may begin by putting individual advancements—art, science, money-making, politics—before husband and children, but after the first flush of youth is over, a sense of frustration abates the glow of the most obvious success. Women as a whole, however they may camouflage their feelings, regard their unmarried sister as a failure. She has missed life's paramount opportunity for self-expression. Without her male complement, woman cannot be fully expressed. She may attain a successful prominence in one of the many avenues of life, but sooner or later both she and her work will show the premature wintering, the nip of frostiness which is the penalty of non-fruition. It is to the young, brilliant, self-centred product of today that I would point out life's main road; the business girl earning a salary which feeds and clothes and houses her, leaving quite a good balance in the bank, the professional woman with a career at her feet. "Why," these may ask, "should I marry? I have the home, the friends, the freedom, the companionship, I want. If I give up my job, I must resign my income and become dependent on another's earnings for those things, which I have always provided from my own. I do not lack the society of men. They are only too pleased to take me to a show, a dance, go with me for a motor-ride, discuss books, ideas, the questions of the day. What is there in marriage that should tempt me to exchange my self-chosen life for one which must inevitably be in line with some one else's existence?" The argument holds good into the thirties. The bachelor girl may have a vivid, jolly time, with plenty of work, plenty of play, care-free of domestic worries, household cares. But, when the rubicon of youth is passed, emotional needs grow greater. A hunger to belong, to have, and to hold the right of sharing the joys, the sorrows, the rough-and-tumble of the every-day world with that other half that makes up the complete whole, becomes actual and pregnant.——Marriage is more than a hope —it is an ideal, strenuous and sometimes dangerous of attainment, but through all the sacrifice and all the struggle it remains the only certain way in which the feminine spirit can flower and renew itself in perpetuation." I have purposely quoted long extracts from the article of Miss. Chesterton in the hope that our young women may derive some inspiration from her article.

Senorita de Alvarez:—Senorita de Alvarez, the world-famous tennis player, is in London. She has invented a new fashion for the tennis court. She favours divided skirts, claiming that they give greater freedom of movement. The Senorita will play at Wimbledon this year in trousers. The famous tennis player remarked:

"I would like to see other women wear the same for tennis. In fact, I feel sure it will come. After all, why not? We wear such short skirts on the court; they are blown by the wind and show such ugly lines. This is really a much better idea. Women will wear trousers soon. I know it. I have had some of my new evening dresses made with trousers."

Spain's new prison chief:—Senorita Victoria Kent, a Spannish woman barrister of English origin, has been appointed Director-General of prisons by the new Republican Government. This is another victory for women of Spain. It remains to be seen how far will the prison chief be successsful in her new position.

The Gretna Green Marriages:—There is a romantic town in Scotland. In this place there is a blacksmith's shop. Even today the blacksmith performs marriages of run-away couples. The marriage ceremony is very easy. Both the bride and bride-groom join hands over the anvil and the blacksmith strikes his hammer. The marriage is performed. The bride and bride-groom sign the register and then depart for their honeymoon.

S. M. TELKAR.

OUR FURNISHING SUGGESTIONS

A family house. One must always remember that a house is usually meant to be lived in by a number of people, not by one; and so, as the Parents' magazine states: "a fine balance between the needs of the individual and the preservation of group happiness is the secret of a successful whole-family house." That means, there should be a harmonious agreement between the tastes of people of different ages, temperaments and sizes; and these must be assorted and adjusted together in given conditions of space and convenient arrangement. This is always a difficult problem, so much so indeed that in Europe very often the family house has been given up, and life set up in hotels and lodging houses.

In the very first place, an effort should be made as much as possible to give everyone in the family, one room or at least a corner, to call his or her own, where special treasures may be kept, where a special hobby may be indulged in, and where no disturbance from others need be feared. This should apply specially to the harassed and over-worked and anxious house-mother. But, alas, in India, her privileges are seldom considered. Seldom is it recognised that it is she, who, above all else, requires time and space for herself, to recoup her energies, to pause awhile to rest and meditate, and to gain serenity and repose for her next efforts. Then, the master of the house must be considered and a place

created for him to rest in at leisure times, and indulge in his special recreation or hobby. But there is no necessity in India to worry about such a matter ; for the men of the family are always made comfortable by the women.

Therefore, only after a family consultation, should the furnishing of the house be done, the choosing of the furniture, the arrangement of it, the decorations, the drapery, the colouring, etc. In this connection, it wlll be wise to teach children, while having a say of their own, to learn to consider the wishes of their elders. Of course this applies more to Europe, where modern youth is getting so aggressive ; but the same conditions are, I am afraid, beginning to obtain in India. As the Parents' Magazine says :"

"Family life is the social system at large on a small scale. There is no better place to teach growing youngsters respect for property rights than at home. Give a child his own room with plenty of black-board space and large sheets of paper and then teach him to respect the beauty of the science wallpaper in the hall and keep it free from pencil marks. He may be taught to respect a beautiful *object d'art* and, though too young at the moment to appreciate it, it will be the beginning of a genuine regard for beauty later in life.

Tolerance of the taste of others can begin at home. Young people do not always appreciate the more cultivated tastes of the older members of the family. Providing it does not infringe upon their own rights, they should understand that it has a right to exist and that jeering is out of order. It is a rule that works both ways "

Beauty, sincerity, graciousness, refinement, simplicity, convenience and comfort, all must be the objects of a family-house.

"It is not always an easy job, achieving this whole-family house, as you can see. Sometimes, it calls for self sacrifice, a giving-up of cherished desires, precious antiques, dreams of a pale green and gold drawing room for the more practical beauty of a living-room in blue cedar and tan. Its greatest demand is for a vision that sees beauty of color, the simplicity of good taste, convenience and a wise comfort as powerful means to an end, the building of a happy home for every member of the the family."

HOME-DECORATOR.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

HOW TO COUNTERACT STUTTERING IN A CHILD

There have been many theories put forward as to the cause

of the defect of stuttering in children, and many kinds of treatment advocated. Some of the former are :—

"Disease or injury of the brain, or the nerves governing the speech organs, enlarged glands that press on the breathing apparatus, incorrect breathing, lack of skill in making certain sounds, muscular defects of the tongue, forcing lefthanded children to use the right hand, defective auditory or visual imagery or a reduction in the alkalinity of the blood due to shallow breathing.

The treatment of stuttering has been equally various. The tongue has been cut, tonsils and uvula removed, objects placed under the tongue to raise the tip, and numerous vocal, breathing and phonetic exercises given to train and strengthen the vocal organs. In fact, down to the present day, vocal and breathing exercise and phonetic drills are the chief methods of treatment used by those unfamiliar with the psychological causes of stuttering."

The real cause however, says the Parents' Magazine, can be found by a study of the functions of speech Now, speech is evolved by certain muscles of the body, viz : of the abdomen, the chest, the throat, the mouth and the face and the head ; but the chief breathing muscle is the diaphragm, which is in the middle of the body. In cases of stuttering, there is always spasmodic action of the diaphragm, which gives rise to wrong breathing. Now this condition of the big muscle, which is very sensitive, is caused' almost always by the emotion of *fear*, which sometimes is obvious, and sometimes sub-conscious.

This fear, we are told, is caused by the difficulty of meeting certain social situations. It begins with the infant, and continues. Children are often afraid.

"The world seems to them strange and hostile. Playmates, too old or too rough for the child, may accentuate the natural timidity. But more important causes of stuttering than this comparatively superficial fear are the deep-seated feelings of guilt, of timidity, of inadequacy, which arise during the first four or five years of life, while the child is changing from a self-centred infant to a social being. Shame and disgust may arise because of the unwise attitude of parents or nurses."

Some children are more sensitive than others, and more responsive in their nervous systems. For such sufferers, a special treatment and a special training is necessary, which in many cases can divert a nervous deficiency into a business or artistic success.

Very often, stuttering and stammering appear only in certain conditions. "This varying cause is the emotional attitude of the stutterer. Studies of the emotional life of the stutterer have shown

that, when he feels confident, easy, relaxed; when he feels that there is no danger of his ego being thwarted or his self-esteem being threatened, he can speak normally. When the stutterer feels timid, insecure, uncertain, inadequate, when he feels that he is not equal to the situation, he shows this inability of adjustment by stuttering."

The treatment of stuttering must be adjusted by conditions. One consideration is that left-handed children should not be forced to become right-handed; the reason being that the centres of speech, for both, are in different parts of the brain.

Secondly, the best methods of child-training should be considered and adjusted both at home and at school to different temperaments. The elders should be taught not to make too straight a demand for correct speech on the stuttering child; or to be nervous, irritable, tense, or anxious with him. The speech defects should never be brought glaringly to the atention, nor should the child be nagged or persuaded to try to get rid of the defect by constant attempts. The majority of cases of stuttering occur first between fifteen months and three years, and secondly when the child starts being schooled up to about seven years of age.

Thirdly, too great a demand should not be made on the child in social life. One child, for instance, was very clever at recitation and was constantly being admired by his parents and friends. The result was that the strain on him became too severe, and he started to stutter. Another child was always expected to be neat, quiet, and obedient, by a French nurse, and when not so was scolded and punished. Not only did he begin to stutter, but he also became quite negative, and sometimes refused to talk, and always wished to do something different to whatever was suggested. Sometimes, stuttering is caused by a fear of doing things in public. Another child began to stutter through over-anxiety about others and over-conscientiousness caused by morbidity on the mother's part, which communicated itself to the boy.

"It is obvious that vocal exercises and phonetic drills would be of little value in such a case. There had to be a re-education of the boy's emotional life and an elimination of the anxiety before the stuttering could be cured."

Sometimes, the cause is physical, and in such cases the question of health has to be considered, and physical defects and errors of nourishment corrected, without having mere recourse to the removal of tonsils or adenoids. Too much fatigue in studies, by the addition of extra lessons, such as in music or dancing, should be avoided.

Certain relaxation exercises are suggested: "The child lies quietly on the couch, flat on his back; the teacher sits beside him

and the child clenches and unclenches his hands, flexes and extends his fingers several times and then relaxes the hands. The arms are then flexed and extended and then relaxed and the shoulders are lifted and then relaxed. In the same way, the muscles of the legs, the thighs, the abdomen and especially the neck muscles, the facial muscles and the tongue, are contracted and relaxed. These exercises, usually result in complete relaxation. Nearly all stutterers can talk when they are in this very relaxed condition. Effort is made to teach the sutterer to make speeches. Speech-training is however, valuable. Speaking in a conversational way, to a group or debating, or better still, acting, is excellent for the stutterer. This is more than just speech training; it is training in group-adjustment. We have found that acting is the most helpful means of training. It is easy for the stutterer to talk when he is acting a part, and the joy, self-confidence and poise that come with a successful performance are a great help in eliminating the fear of speaking."

There is no need for breathing or vocal exercises and phonetic drills, because sometimes they increase the stutter. Suggestion, on the other hand, is good, especially if done by a strong personality, who is at the same time sympathetic.

"Stuttering is indeed a Gordian knot, destroying the happiness and efficiency of hundreds of thousands of children and adults, which must be unravelled by patient re-education. It seems like some black magic. To see a stuttering child, with contortions and blockings trying to talk, makes one feel that he must be obsessed by some bad enchantment. The Pied Piper, that can lead the children from out this enchantment, must know well the principles of mental hygiene and modern child-training."

PADDY

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

(SPECIAL TO THE *I. L. M.*)

The cult of the Gramophone is growing with great rapidity throughout India, and I, for one, am not very surprised. When you pause to consider the tremendous advantages, in the way of pleasure, education and amusement, that the Gramophone offers to you, it indeed becomes a marvellous proposition in all eyes. Most of us love good music, and like to get as much of it as we reasonably can; here is where the Gramophone helps us. From the lists of new Records that are issued monthly by the leading Gramophone Companies, we are able to choose our own favourites from a galaxy of stars that are bewildering in the extreme.

In taking up the duties of Gramophone Critic to this Journal, it is to be my aim to aid you in selecting only the best Records for your individual purpose, not to let you choose a Record in the hope it will turn out all right, but to point out those that are definitely good in their particular class, be it vocal, orchestral, dance or speech. As there is a limited supply of Records available in India, I am arranging for readers, who communicate with me C/o this Journal, to be able to obtain any Record mentioned in my Gramophone Notes from time to time, I shall also be pleased to advise readers on the selection of instruments for playing the Records. It would be a great help if interested readers would write to the Editor and say which type of Record they would like to see mentioned in these Notes.

There are two makes of Records on the market to-day; flexible coloured discs, and solid black Wax. The latter were, for many years, the only type of Record available, but the coloured Flexible is becoming fairly popular, for it is altogether lighter in weight, and can be roughly used without suffering unduly.

HIS MASTERS VOICE.

This company have issued some really excellent Records of late, both vocal and orchestral. ISLAMEY, an Oriental Fantasy, played by the New Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goosens, is delightful and can be well recommended to people who like full-blooded music that contains rhythm and melody. It is a 12" record, catalogue number C 2086. Waltzes, if they are well played, are always a pure delight to listen to, and Record C 2102 containing DREAMS ON THE OCEAN. by Gung'l, and TRES JOLIE by that master of melody, Waldteufel, are well played by Marek Weber and his Orchestra. But the Star Record of those that I have reviewed lately is, without doubt, WOTAN'S FAREWELL AND THE MAGIC FIRE MUSIC from the opera, Die Walkure, by Wagner. The singer is Rudolf Bockelmann accompanied by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra of 120 performers. It is a Record that must be heard to be believed, for it is a sheer delight, 12" Catalogue number C 2179. Vladimir Horowitz, a young Russian pianist, is heard to great advantage on Record DA-1160, playing with great skill and truly astonishing technique, the Paganini Etude in E Flat Major, and the Children's Corner Suite by Debussy. The tone of the piano in the first named composition is brilliantly reproduced. Ewald Bohmer, sings, accompanied by the Berlin State Orchestra, two songs from the Magic Flute, the famous Opera by Mozart, A FOWLER BOLD IN ME YOU SEE and A MAIDEN FAIR AND SLENDER, on Record B 3781, and it contains beautiful singing and orchestral work. Turning to a lighter side of the programme, we have the inimitable Gracie Fields singing the now popular KISS WALTZ from the 'talkie'

Dancing Sweeties, and YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY on Record B3780. Raie da Costa, the pianist, accompanied by the Night Club Kings plays, on Record B3777, two medleys of music from 'talkie' films—"Whoopee" and "Monte Carlo". It is interesting also to study the various types of accessories for use with the Gramophone, such as soundboxes, tone-arms, needles, etc. As it is quite important to use the best records, so it is equally important to use the best accessories in playing them. I find that I obtain excellent results when using the "Windsor" Soundbox, made by the Limit Engineering Company of London, for it has a remarkably good range, and produces both bass and treble with clarity and distinction. The Wendell Number I Soundbox made by the Wendell Engineering Company of Park Royal, London, is also a well-made and artistic production, and in view of the fact that it is half the price of the "Windsor", which is 15/6, it gives a very meritorious account of itself when in use. As regards needles I can recommend H. M. V. which are made in four tones, soft, half, loud, or extra loud, all, of course, in steel, whilst H. M. V. Fibre Needles are useful for quiet tone and for prolonging the life of the record. Golden Pyramid Steel Needles which are packed in tin boxes, the same shape as the famous Egyptian Pyramids, from which the needles emerge one by one when the box is tilted, are good for all kinds of use.

LELAND J. BERRY.

Some good Indian records are: *Valairayathaki* by Shanmuga Vadivoo; *Nathabindukalathee Namo Namo* by S. V. Subbiah Bhagavathar; *Kopa Mettula* by Miss Sundaram; *Padamudiyathu* by Coimbatore Thayi.

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

(1) ONION PAKODA.

TAKE 5 palams of onions, 1¼ palams of green chilis, ½ palam of green ginger and ¼ palam of green coriander (leaves). Remove the outer layer of the onions and cut off both the ends. Likewise remove the stalks of the green chilis, and scrape off the outer layer of the green ginger. Remove also the stems of the green coriander. Cut these all into small slices, and put into a wide-mouthed tin-coated vessel.

Add 2½ palams of unmelted ghee to the above mixture and squeeze the contents well, until they form a thick paste and until the ghee gets frothy. Add to this paste ¼ Madras measure of Bengal gram flour, and 1/8 Madras measnre of rice-flour and mix well. Dissolve 1 palam of common-salt in 1/16 Madras measure of water and pour the salt-water over the said mixture. Add 3/16

Madras measure of water again to the mixture so that it may form a thick dough. To this add 2½ palams of cashewnut after scraping off the outer layer and after cutting into small bits. Divide the prepared dough into 4 equal portions.

Now, heat 7½ palams of ghee in an iron vessel and fry in it the dough, dividing it into small bits, of the size of an ordinary areca nut—taking care to turn them over in the boiling ghee, three times with a spoon at an interval of one minute each time. Those, who do not relish onions, may dispense with them, in which case, the Bengal-gram flour mentioned above should be mixed in equal proportions and the onions excluded.

(2) COCOANUT-PURNAM BOLI.

Put ¼ Madras measure of rice in water and allow it to soak for some time. Remove the soaked rice from the water, and keep it in a vessel. Select three cocoanuts (fully developed), scrape the kernel finely and mix with the soaked rice. Put the mixture into a mortar and pound it well, sprinkling a little quantity of water on the mixture.

Dissolve 30 palams of white sugar in ½ Madras measure of water and boil. Add ¼ palam of common-salt and ¼ palam of cardamom powder to the boiling liquid; put also in it, the above mixture of rice-powder and cocoanut and stir the contents well. Keep the mouth of the vesssl closed for some time on the oven. Stir the contents once again, remove the vessel from the oven, and spread the contents over a tin-coated plate. This is called "Purnam."

Take 3/8 Madras measure of wheat-flour and adding a little quantity of water, knead the flour well to form a dough. Add ¼ palam of gingelly oil and 1/8 palam of common salt to the dough and beat it well until it becomes soft. Then take a small quantity of this dough (size of an ordinary lime) and make a hollow disc thereof. Put some quantity of the "Purnam" (which may be 1½ times the quantity of the dough taken for preparing the hollow disc) within, and close the mouth so as to form a ball-cake. This should then be flattened into a thin round cake, just like a Pappadam, and fried. This pappadam-shaped cake is called *Boli*.

T. S. VAIDYANATHA IYYER

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

BABY'S BOOTS.

Do a chain of 40 stitches and join into a round. Always join each round, and take up both loops on every stitch.

1st round: 1 tr. into each chain, slip-stitching to first treble.

2nd round: the same.

3rd round: 1 d. c. into each stitch.

4th, 5th, 6th, 7th rounds, like the third round.

8th and 9th rounds in treble stitch.

10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th rounds in d. c.

15th round: 3 ch., miss 1 chain from hook, pick up a loop in the next 2 chain, also a loop in the next two stitches; wool over and draw through all 5 loops; then 1 firm chain. This is a star, and the small hook beneath the chain is the eye of the star. To do the 2nd star, take a loop in the eye, and another in the thread behind the last loop of first star, two hooks in the next two stitches, and do as before with the 5 loops; and so on.

16th round: 1 d. c., in the eye of first star, 1 ch., 1 d. c., in the same eye. Repeat, and fasten off. This is the upper part, and begins with the ankle upwards.

The Instep. 1st row. Tricot stitch: Put the hook in the first foundation chain, wool over, draw through and keep the loop on the hook. Do the same in the next 7 chain, leaving 9 loops on the hook Work back, wool over, draw through first loop, wool over, draw through first loop and next stitch, and so on.

2nd row: Leave out the first bar, put the hook in second bar, draw through, keeping the loop. Take nine loops and work as before.

Do 8 rows of tricot stitch.

Then work round shoe putting 1 d. c. at the end of each row along the instep side, and round the back, along the other side of instep and across the top.

Work 2 more rounds of same.

Then do 7 rounds, missing 1 stitch at each of the front corners of the instep. Fasten. Sew up the centre of the sole, and run ribbon round the 2nd treble row up ankle, ending in a bow at the side.

OUR HEALTH NOTES.

(Selected).

FOR THE UNDERWEIGHT CHILD.

Question :—My nine-year-old boy is underweight. Is it safe to feed him with eggs and milk at the same meal?

Answer :—Yes, decidedly, it is both safe and wise. The growing child, and particularly the underweight child, needs milk at every meal. A moderate amount of eggs is also good for him. Therefore, if one were to avoid milk and eggs at the same meal

it would mean meals without any milk. In practice, this would be likely to do more harm than the eggs would do good.

For the lad in question, a quart of milk a day and two eggs would be a conservative allowance. It would be wiser to increase the milk to more than a quart than to increase the eggs. It is certainly simpler and easier with most children to see that they get their needed milk, when there is at least one glass of milk served with every meal, no matter what other foods the meal contains. Milk is also given in cocoa, soups, with cereals and in simple puddings and deserts.

—*Wealth and Welfare.*

NEW CANCER SERUM.

Widespread interest has been aroused by the experiments now being conducted on cancer cases at three London hospitals with a serum discovered by Dr. Thompson, Lecturer on Physiology at King's College, London, and a research worker at the Royal College of Surgeons.

Scientists and surgeons, who are in close touch with the tests, emphasise that these are still in the experimental stage. Patients under treatment are being carefully observed, and, although it is believed that some benefit has resulted, it is too early to say what permanent value there is in the treatment, which consists in injecting a preparation made from the parathyroid gland, in order to remedy the deficiency in certain components of the blood, which Dr. Thompson believes to be the cause of cancer.

Sir Arthur Keith, Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons, stated today that, although the discovery has yielded promising results, it must not at present be regarded as more than marking an interesting stage in research work, which must still be continued.

—*The Madras Mail.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

WOMEN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION'S VIEWS

The following is the report of the views of the Women's Indian Association on the resolutions adopted at the session of the Indian National Congress at Karachi.

"The Women's Indian Association, while not identifying itself with the Indian National Congress, entirely agrees with the preamble of the resolutions on Swaraj passed by the Indian National Congress at Karachi. The Women's Indian Association consi-

ders however, that it should not be included in that form in the constitution as it is a paragraph of explanation to be used only during this transition moment. It congratulates the Congress on the fundamental rights it has formulated and it particularly expresses its pride in clause 1 (f), which gives equal status as regards employment and opportunity of public positions to women.

The Women's Indian Association desires that in the definitions, which are always a part of a constitution and Act of Parliament, it should be definitely stated that the word "person" applies equally to "man" and "woman" and that the masculine pronouns, wherever used, are understood similarly to apply to both sexes. We request that the following clause be added to clause 1 (e) and numbered as sub-clause (e). "Equal rights for both men and women in laws relating to marriage, to guardianship of children, inheritance rights and nationality rights."

The Women's Indian Association is strongly of opinion that, even in the enunciation of the New Constitution, the Cogress as a body should pledge itself to secure freedom and equality for women, not only in the civic life of the country, but also in the social and family life.

With regard to No. 3. we would like the term. "Adult Suffrage" to be expressed more explicitly in these terms: "Adult Franchise; the right of every man and woman of the age of 21 and above to the vote." This is necessary, because a number of countries such as France and Switzerland have Adult Suffrage, but it does not include the right of Franchise for all women, though called "Suffrage Universelle."

We consider that Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 should be matters for legislation and not for enunciation in any Constitution. There might be in the Constitution one inclusive sentence promising to free labour from exploitation by granting it rights to form Unions, etc., as in No. 9.

We are most strongly opposed to the form, in which No. 6 is expressed, though we appreciate the spirit of helpfulness for women that it evinces. We request that the phrase, "Protection of women workers", should not be used. Women will protect their own interests by their trades' unions and by their Labour representatives. We particularly desire that "Maternity benefits" should not be alluded to in any Constitution, but that a Bill on this question ratifying the Washington Convention should be promised to be passed by the Central Legislature. Placing women in a condition of "Protection" is writing down women publicly as in a state of weakness, which is not desirable for our whole sex; it is also a slur on the men who exploit them; it has been used in other countries by interested capitalists and men to limit women's opportunities for work and is capable of abuse in many ways. We are very insis-

tent on the deletion of this clause in its present form. It also implicitly defines the women working in factories, mills, etc., as the only "Working Women."

INDIAN WOMEN.

THE KEY OF PROGRESS :—A survey of the status and conditions of women in India by several contributors. With a foreword by H. E. The Lady Irwin. Edited by A. R. Caton, Oxford University Press 1930 7s, 6d.

The introduction to this book tells us that its principal object is to present in a convenient form to British readers the main facts concerning women in India, and the various reformative activities at work. It is an effort to arouse international sympathy in the women's movement in India. Lady Irwin in her sympathetic foreword expresses the hope that many in India also will read the book, that it will help them to understand the ideals and hopes of Indian women of the present day. She writes, "I am profoundly convinced that the future of this great country largely depends on the education and welfare of the women of India, and I have found that this view is widely shared by both men and women in India."

The strength and the weakness of the book lie in the fact that it is a compilation by many contributors. Its information is drawn from a wide field: from numerous books on India; from official and private reports; and from answers to a questionnaire that was sent to various experts on Indian problems, both men and women. It brings together in a convenient form information on different aspects of women's life and work: education, health, public life, the home, and on two social evils. The inevitable defect of such a compilation is that a contemporary movement when analysed and reported on by a variety of contributors loses almost entirely the living interest of the same movement when watched by an eye-witness. And the very fact that this is a report of a movement means that many facts in the book seem already out of date, and recent achievements by Indian women go unreported.

The thought of the editorial committee no doubt was that there are many vivid (and conflicting) accounts of different aspects of Indian women's life. What is wanted now is not impressions but facts, and this book is an honest attempt to record such facts. The editorial committee realize the probability of omissions and mistakes being made, and they promise to make corrections in a later edition, if one appears. It is evident that much care and labour have been put into this compilation, and we cannot but be grateful for the convenient presentation of facts on different aspects of women's life. It is pleasant for us in Madras to find contributions from Sister Subba Lakshmi and Dr. Muthulakshmi

Reddi, and it is also interesting to find accounts of aspects of women's life unknown to us; for instance, the working conditions of women working in the Bombay mills. Much of this picture of the life of Indian women is dark, but there is evidence also of their grace, beauty and courage. Indian women are coming more and more to the fore, and it is to be hoped that in later editions of this book more contributions will be made by Indian women.

K. N. BROCKWAY.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

The demand of women to enter all services on terms of equality with men has been steadily increasing and voices have already been heard in India in the same direction. The following recommendations have been put before the Royal Commission on recruitment for the Civil Service by the London and National Society for Women's Service.

The Society recommended that women should be introduced, by promotion and transfer, without delay into positions of some degree of responsibility throughout the Departments, and in particular into Departments, such as the Board of Education and the Home Office, which are concerned with social services. Women, it was suggested, should be permitted to enter for the open competitive examinations for posts in the Colonies and Protectorates; and the general reservation of posts in the diplomatic, consular, diplomatic commercial and trade commissioner services should be removed; the "writing assistant" class should be abolished and the routine work should be carried out by a new junior clerical class, open to men and women, through which all junior entrants to the clerical classes should pass; the marriage bar should be abolished, and men and women should receive equal pay.

Even if all the recommendations cannot be given effect to, it is obvious that there will have to be progress in that direction at an early date.

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

A bride's veil is a survival of a very ancient custom. In the days of the Greeks and Romans, brides wore a red veil during the marriage ceremony. This was done to signify the bride's modesty. The veil then completely covered the bride. The origin of the custom was believed to be in the very early days when men won their wives by forceful capture. The men were said to throw a large sheet round the woman of choice so as to render it more difficult for her to struggle. In some African tribes this method of marriage is still practised, and the sheet is used in making the capture.

Acknowledgments

1. Mrs. E. O. Austin, Darjeeling Rs. 2-8-0.
2. E. Achuthan Esq, Cannanore.
3. V. R. Anantarama Iyer Esq., Calicut.
4. Dr. Allyn, Pithapuram.
5. V. Anandan Nair Esq., Cannanore.
6. W. Adiseshiah Esq., Madras.
7. Balaji Rao Esq., Mangalore.
8. Miss Bose, Calcutta.
9. Dr. R. Burt, Scotland.
10. Mrs. C. V Coomaraswamy, Ceylon.
11. Mrs Cooper, Calcutta.
12. Mrs. C. Candiah, Ceylon.
13. Mrs. Cornelius, Madras.
14. Mrs. Devanesan, Madras.
15. R Doraiswami Naidu Garu, Madura.
16. Mrs. F. H. V. Gulasekharam, Ceylon.
17. Mrs. Gadsden, Tinnevelly.
18. K. S. Iyengar Esq., Dindigul.
19. Mrs. C. P. Jayawardene, Ceylon.
20. Lady Supt., Johnson Girls' High School, Jubbulpore.
21. The Rani of Kakina, Bombay—Rs. 2-8-0.
22. Mrs. Kursheed Kazi, Bombay.
23. Mrs. L. Kunhi Raman, Tellicherry.
24. Mrs. V. Lakshamanan, Jubbulpore.
25. R. Lazarus, Esq., Dindigul.
26. A. Narayanaswami Iyer Esq., Dindigul.
27. Mrs. K. K. Nair, Paraperi.
28. Dr. Narayanaswami Iyer, Dindigul.
29. K. C. Pillai Esq., Devadanapelli.
30. Rao Sahib M. V. Pillai, Coimbatore.
31. M. Raman Nair Esq,, Cannanore.
32. S. Seshagiri Rao Esq., Madura.
33. Mrs. Sanjivi, Madras.
34. K. K. Subba Rao Esq., Cannanore.
35. Mrs. S. Sankunni, Mangeri.
36. Mrs. Thamban. Mangalore.
37. S. Venkateswara Iyer Esq., Cocanada.
38. C. Vedaji Rao Sahib Esq., Mangalore.
39. T. R Velayudhan Esq., Palghat.
40. Miss S. T. Winkel, Madanapalli.

Printed by Mr. C. Krishnan B. A., B. L., M. L. C., at the Empire Press, Calicut and Published by Mrs. K. Satthianadhan M. A., Cannanore.

The Monsoon and the Floods.

Photo M. K. Rungaswami Aiyengar, Triplicane.